

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 275.]

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

[PRICE 2d.]

QUITE ALONE.

BOOK THE SECOND : WOMANHOOD.

CHAPTER XLII. THE WILD WOMAN.

WHAT was she to do? Try another pawn-shop? She had no passport. They must have papers. It was the law, it seemed. But how did people get papers? Were they born with papers? Should she go back to the goldsmiths on the Quai and try them once more? Alas! of what avail would that be? She would receive only the same answers, the same rebuffs. Was there no one in this enormous city of Paris who would purchase a gewgaw from a poor child who wanted to run away? She had heard of a place called the Temple. She had read of it, too, and Madame de Kergolay had talked to her about it hundreds of times as the site of that old donjon keep where the Martyr King and his queen had lain in captivity, and where the poor little Dauphin had been handed over to the cobbler Simon, to be slowly tortured to death. The donjon keep was pulled down now, and the Temple was a place where they bought and sold everything. Should she ask her way there? But she knew that she would have to pass close to the Marais; and an indefinable terror forbade her to retrace her footsteps.

She came, suddenly, in the middle of the pavement, on a marchand d'habits—an old-clothesman. No Jew was he. In Paris, Christians do not disdain to carry the bag, and wear the three hats. This fellow was a Marseillais, swarthy and bright-eyed, with a head of tufted black hair, dazzling white teeth, and earrings. He had two umbrellas beneath one arm, and a cavalry sabre beneath the other, a cocked-hat in one hand besides the three on his head, a pair of patent leather boots tucked in his waistband, and any number of loose garments flying all abroad about him: besides his bulging bag.

"Troun de l'air!" cried the marchand d'habits when he saw Lily, "what a pretty girl."

"Will you buy a locket?" said the girl, shrinking from the man's bold gaze, and holding out the trinket in her little trembling hand. She was desperate, now. She would have had courage to ask the statue of Henry the Fourth on the Pont Neuf if he would buy a locket.

"Carragoui de zeval," exclaimed the Marseillais in return, "I am not a jeweller. What do

you want for your little breloque, mon anze zérie?"

"A hundred francs," replied Lily, half choking.

"Masoulipatam!" shouted the marchand d'habits, who seemed to possess an inexhaustible arsenal of strange execrations. "Veux-tu mi rouiner? Ma, I will be generous. Ze sousis Chrétien, moi, et pas oune Zouif. Twelve francs fifty centimes for your locket."

"No," cried Lily, passionately. She could have strangled the man.

"Quesaco! crrieucicoui!" continued the Marseillais. "Don't fly into a temper. I don't buy jewellery on fête-days. Come and breakfast with me. Allons manzer, allons boire!" And the eyes of the old-clothesman sparkled like unto live coals.

Lily drew her shawl about her, and, spurning his offer, walked indignantly away.

"Pif de Pilate!" the Marseillais muttered, looking after her, "z'est oune zentille petite fillette za. Never mind. I shall dance at the Barrière du Trône to-night. Marchand d'hab-i-i-i-ts." And with his lugubrious and long-drawn-out chant, his bag and his bright eyes, the old-clothesman went on his way. They were magnificent eyes, only he had spoilt them by a habit of squinting, contracted through the endeavour to glance at the first floor windows on both sides of the street at once, to see whether the occupants had any old clothes to sell.

Twelve francs fifty for her locket! The villains. The wicked, wicked, hard-hearted people, she thought. Had she had time, she could have sat down on a door-step, covered her face with her shawl, and cried her eyes out. But it was with her as with the Wandering Jew, "Onward! Onward!"

She remembered that she was not yet quite destitute. Her breakfast paid for, she was still the possessor of between eighteen and nineteen francs. That would carry her some distance towards her destination—support her for some days, she thought. And then she would beg. *She* beg! Perhaps there were cottages on the road where the people were kind and would give her bread and milk, and allow her to sleep on the straw in their barns. She would have nothing more to do with this cruel and pitiless Paris. She would begin her journey at once. How it was to be prosecuted she had not the

slightest idea. She knew she had to reach the coast and to cross the sea: that was all.

The Marseillais marchand d'habits had told her, the *raseau*! that he never bought jewellery on fête-days. Once or twice before in the course of that weary morning's travel, she had heard about the festivals. At the pawnbroker's they had bidden her to be quick, for they were about to close. The poor, it seems, must pawn, even on the morning of a holiday, so the commissaire-priseur opened his doors for an hour or two before the business of pleasure began.

Lily saw that there were a great many more people about, this morning, than on ordinary days; that many of the shops, and nearly all those of a superior class, were closed; that the humbler sort of people mostly wore clean blouses, and the grisettes clean caps; that the students of the School of St. Cyr were abroad in their holiday clothes; that the soldiers of the garrison looked unusually spruce and burnished up; and that the very sergents de ville had waxed their moustaches, and given their sword-hilts an extra polish. There were a good many flowers about; from many of the windows hung banners and streamers; and in front of every public building rose great black triangular stages, like monstrous but truncated ladders, supporting on their many rungs pipkins full of oil and tallow, in which were huge cotton wicks. These were the lampions for the illuminations at night.

Then Lily all at once remembered that this was the twenty-seventh of July, and that Madame de Kergolay had told her that on the twenty-seventh, the twenty-eighth, and the twenty-ninth of that month, in every year, the official gala-days known as the Fêtes of July were held. "They are to celebrate the democratic revolution of July, 1830," the old lady would say, disdainfully; "the revolution so adroitly discounted in their own favour, by M. le Duc d'Orleans and the banker Lafitte. It is an official celebration, strictly a government affair, my child, and the maskings and mummeries and tight-rope dancing are all paid for out of the public treasury. The people have nothing to do with it—absolutely nothing. The only holiday which lives in their memories and in their hearts is the Fête de St. Louis."

Thus Madame de Kergolay; and Lily had, of course, implicitly believed her. But she could not help thinking now, as she watched the gaily dressed and laughing throngs hurrying past, that, if the Fête of St. Louis were in their hearts, the lights of the Fêtes of July shone uncommonly bright in their faces. Every one looked happy: everybody *must* be happy, thought the poor little outcast runaway, her sad heart sinking within her, at the sight of the smiles and the joyous faces. She little knew that among that laughing concourse there were numbers upon numbers ten thousand times more miserable than she.

It was good that she should not know it. It would not have consoled her. She had not yet arrived at that age when "there is something not absolutely disagreeable to us in the misfor-

tures of our dearest friends." The wretcheder she was herself—being, as you know, young and silly, and not at all a woman of the world—the readier she was to sympathise with sorrow. She was but a little fool, at the best; but she never grew out of *that* folly.

So it was a grand holiday, a very grand holiday. The government liked to encourage holidays; it made the people feel light and pleasant, and saved them from getting the headache over those stupid newspapers. On the third, and grandest day of the fêtes, the newspapers were not published at all:—another thing which the government liked dearly. A good government, a paternal government, a light-hearted government; it rejoiced to see the hard-worked editors and reporters strolling in the Elysian Fields, dining at the Café Anglais, or dancing at the Chaumière—even if they danced that naughty cancan—instead of muddling their brains in the composition of prosy leading articles, or wearing their fingers to the bone in taking crabbed shorthand notes of the long-winded debates of the Chambers. "Enjoy yourselves, my children," cried this good government. "In these last days of July let us sing a Te Deum for fine weather, an abundant crop of strawberries, and the possession of so beneficent a sovereign as that dear old gentleman with the umbrella at the Tuileries yonder. See; he wears a tricolored cockade, the emblem of Liberty, in his hat. Is that not good of him? Let us celebrate the feast of the Patriots of July. What glorious fellows they were. Shout! How nobly they fought. Fire the cannon! How heroically they died. Drub the double drums! How very soundly they sleep, in the vaults under the column in the Place de la Bastille. Let us drink all their healths, and inscribe all their names, even to the humblest blouse-wearer, in golden letters on the marble plinth. As for the patriots of to-day, they are a pack of sulky disagreeable grumblers, mere spoil-sports and trouble-fêtes, and, lest they should mar the bright sunshine of our holiday, we have put them away in the casemates of Belle Isle, and Mont St. Michel, and Doullens, and turned a big key on them. Soldiers! bring your muskets to the 'ready,' and, bombardiers, keep your matches lighted. This is a fête-day. Everybody is to enjoy himself under pain of immediate arrest. Eat, drink, and be merry, my children. Go to the play for nothing. See the illuminations, and the fireworks, and the water-jousts, for nothing; meanwhile, we, who are your parents and best friends, will govern you, and look after all your little affairs, at home and abroad. Tiens! that birchen rod of ours is getting a little limp. Excuse us if we use one of iron."

So spoke the Government of July, thinking it was to last for ever; but it, and its dynasty, and its festivals, and all its pretty little winning ways, are dead and gone, and well-nigh effaced from the memory of man.

For aught Lily knew, the gay doings might be in honour of the birthday of King Louis Philippe, or the birthday of Monsieur Lafitte the

banker. To her mind, the revolution of 1830 conveyed but a very dim and meagre impression. Once, when Mademoiselle Espreménil, who was an Orleanist, told her that three hundred patriots were killed on the Place du Carrousel, fighting against the Swiss guard, she exclaimed, "How very wicked of them to fight against the king's soldiers!" and was called nigaude, and made to copy out the third chapter of *Télémaque*, for her pains. She had never gone outside the doors of the Pension Marcassin at the time of the celebration of the fêtes, during the whole of her incarceration in that penitentiary. The other girls had given her, from time to time, glowing accounts of what they had seen during the three glorious days; but to Lily those were only fairy tales and fables, as beautiful but as unreal as any in the *Arabian Nights*.

Now, she was privileged—by her own act and deed at least—to see the grand sight, for a momentary peep at which, even, she had often thirsted, and to wander at will among the merry-makers. But she fled from it all as though it had been a pestilence. She was afraid. While the day lasted, she thought, it would be folly, it would be madness, to venture into the Elysian Fields, where all the world of Paris would be out walking. No, no: that place was to be avoided at all hazards. Still she had an irresistible craving to see something of the brave show, before she commenced her flight to England in good earnest. She would wait until sunset, she thought—until nearly dusk. Then the crowd would be denser, and the quieter sort of folks gone home, and she might mingle with the throng unnoticed and unrecognised.

Now lagging, now hurrying through a tortuous maze of streets, she came all at once into the great garish Rue de Rivoli, and saw the Tuileries Gardens and the Place de la Concorde one vast Lake of Pleasure, covered with Islands of Delight, blazing in the sun. She turned from the dangerous open, and fled. Ascending the Rue St. Honoré she ventured to cross it before she reached the Palais Royal, and even got safe over the upper part of the Rue de Rivoli into the dismal little labyrinth of by-lanes, full of sellers of old prints, and older curiosities, technically known as the *Pâté du Louvre*, and which had grown up, a fungus, between the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries. To her relief she managed to gain the Quai: not that where the old gold-dealers live, but that which fronts the Long Gallery. She crossed the Pont Royal as timorously as a little mouse seeking a fresh hole, and, diving down the Rue du Bac, was glad to lose herself in a fresh labyrinth of little streets.

She found out, perhaps, the dimmest little cabinet de lecture, or reading-room, that ever was groped for, and at last discovered, in the dimmest portion of old Paris. It seemed, to Lily, not much bigger in size than the cage of a good-sized macaw, and was very dark and gloomy, and so suited her admirably. The old maiden lady who kept this abode of literature

had read herself more than three parts blind with bad novels, and was so deeply immersed in one of the admired works of Monsieur Horace St. Aubin, that, when Lily entered, she could barely find time to extend her hand for five sous—the regulation price of admission to the Cabinet of the Muses.

All the people who frequented the reading-room were old—as old as the visitors whom Madame de Kergolay received, but of a shabbier and more dilapidated type. They seemed to be tumbling to pieces with sheer antiquity, both in their bodies and their garments, and to be only kept together by means of stays, and braces, and pins, and buttons, and hooks, the horns of spectacles, the springs of false teeth, and the elastic bands of wigs. There never was such a rickety congregation. Ague, paralysis, neuralgia, and sciatica, seemed to have gotten hold of the furniture as well as the patrons of the establishment; and everything tottered and shook, and trembled and creaked. As Lily walked up the room, and chose the darkest corner, the very boards yielded beneath her tread, and sent up little clouds of dust, giving to her ankles a wreathed appearance, as though she had been a young Mercury.

There was a tall old gentleman who came to the Cabinet, not to read, but to sleep. It could not be said precisely that he snored, but the air about him seemed to be haunted by the spirit of a defunct trombone. And it was a spirit seemingly in pain.

There was a little old lady who represented a prodigious cap, a large pair of green goggles, a red plaid shawl, and nothing else. Her face seemed to have gone out of town, and to have left a P.P.C. card over the spectacles, on which some one had sketched the lineaments of a death's head; but sketched them very faintly. And most of the time even this was a fact which you were not enabled to ascertain with any degree of certainty, as the little old lady usually kept a copy of the *Gazette de France* before her, never turning over the pages; and under those circumstances she was only so much newspaper, and so much shawl.

Over against Lily there sat an ancient personage of the male sex, lean and long as Don Quixote, and wearing a nightcap under his hat. He had a long green cloak with a rabbit's skin collar; and under this cloak he fondled and cherished a diminutive dog of, apparently, the turnspit breed. There was a very strict prohibition against the introduction of dogs to the Cabinet, in a notice hung up at the entrance. But the old gentleman had very probably been offending against the regulations for the last fifty years. He was the senior, the doyen of the customers. Those who surrounded him were too old and feeble to resent his malfeasance, and the lady at the counter was too much engrossed by Monsieur Horace St. Aubin to take notice of anything outside her book. Still, the old man in the cloak was not exempt from occasional twinges of conscience. The little dog was generally very quiet, but,

from time to time, feeling bored probably, he would poke his nose from beneath the folds of the mantle, with a sharp yap, or a plaintive whine. And then Lily would hear the lean old man whispering in great trepidation to the refractory turnspit: "Hush, for Heaven's sake, Lindor! De la sagesse, mon ami—de la sagesse, Lindor; remember what a risk I am running for thee. Je t'implore, Lindor, de ne pas me compromettre. I entreat thee, Lindor, not to compromise me." Once, the lean old man caught Lily looking at him. The turnspit had been very restless. The old man covered its tiny muzzle with both his white trembling hands, and cast towards Lily a look at once so piteous and so supplicating that the girl felt half inclined to laugh, and half to cry.

She stayed here, reading newspapers out of date, and dog's-eared romances, which excited, for two reasons, her special wonder: first, as to whoever could have written them; and next, whoever could have read them before her. That they had been diligently coned, however, and to some purpose, was evident; for the edges were yellow and shiny with much thumbing, and many pages were blistered with long dried-up tears.

They were all full of love; but it was not the kind of love that Lily could comprehend, with which she could sympathise, or from which she could derive any consolation. Silly girl, she was quite raw and ignorant. She had not yet learnt to take her heart to pieces and put it together again, like a map puzzle. She had not acquired the art of preserving her passion, and boiling it down, and putting plenty of sugar to it, and spreading it on paper, as jam is spread upon bread. Lamentable little dunce! She was yet at the A B C of the great alphabet, which, being learnt, after infinite wailings and canings, only teaches us to spell the words Disappointment and Despair. She was quite a novice in the cosmography of the Pays du Tendre. Had Lily been asked to write a love-letter, it would have begun with "I love," and it would have ended with "I love," and there would have been nothing else, except blots, which are the blushes of manuscript. I have known people who punctuated their protestations of affection. They must have been very much in love indeed.

Here she lingered until the day was declining. She went out at last (the mistress of the place never heeding her), and she left the old folks there, doddering and coughing feebly in their chairs. Those who are alive, and the oldest folks always seem to last the longest, may be there, doddering and choking to this day.

Into the broad streets, and on to the broader quay, and over another bridge; but this time it was the Pont de la Concorde, and they were beginning to light up the lampions in front of the Chamber of Deputies. Then, she was in the vast Place, by the side of the Luxor obelisk. She could resist it no longer. She was beyond the control of reason. She was bewildered—fascinated. Come what may, she must see the sight.

So she sped by the spouting fountains, and

entered upon the enormous avenue of the Elysian Fields. The sight almost took away her breath. It was wonderful. Two huge open air theatres, within whose vast prosceniums whole regiments of red-legged soldiers were engaged in deadly combat with white-burnoused Arabs. They fired off real guns, and real howitzers. Real horses galloped on to the stage, not at all alarmed by the noise, whereas the very smell of the powder almost frightened Lily out of her wits.

But the theatres were only a drop of water in the sea. There were Punches by the score. There were Marionettes. There were greasy poles up which adventurous gymnasts climbed, intent on reaching the silver watches, spoons, and mugs—no vulgar legs of mutton here!—suspended to a hoop at the summit. What shouting and clapping of hands when a climber, his strained fingers within an inch of the coveted prize, found the treacherous surface beneath at length too much for him, and so slid down to the bottom again, defeated and fat-begrimed.

There were merry-go-rounds. There were targets at which you could fire au blanc, and if you struck the bull's-eye, found a plaster figure of the Emperor Napoleon arise, like a jack-in-a-box. Ninepins; spring top; roulette playing for macaroons; jugglers; acrobats; rope-dancers, dancing dogs and monkeys; a camel; a bear that beat a tambourine; a goat that danced at the bidding of a gipsy woman dressed up as Esmeralda; a dog that, being desired to name the greatest rogue in company, walked straight up to his master, wagged his tail, and barked an unmistakable "This is he;" several other dogs, with cocked-hats tied under their chins, military coats, and frilled pantaloons, who performed gavottes, looking most mournful the while; a camel, on whose head a little boy executed a saraband; everything, in short, that was wonderful, and strange, and delightful.

Booths where gingerbread was sold, brown, sticky-looking, shiny gingerbread, like Moorish faces on a very hot day, and with great white oval almonds in them, like eyes; booths where sweetmeats were dispensed; where fruit and fried potatoes, hot pie-crust—the famous galette—and gauffre cakes were to be had—all these abounded. And shrilly sounded above the myriad noises of the throng, and was audible even in the intervals of blank cartridge firing, the voice of the man who sold cocoa. "A la fraiche! à la fraiche!" he cried. A little round tower, with crenelated top bristling with many-coloured flags, and hung with gay tinkling bells, was strapped to his back. Beneath his arm passed the brass pipe and tap from which he frothed his cool but mawkish beverage. Around his body was slung a wooden cestus, and thick hanging from it a store of goblets of burnished tin, that shone as bright as silver. Still cried he, "A la fraiche! à la fraiche!" his bells tinkling, and his flags waving through the jostling mass.

There were no dandies here, no leaders of fashion, no eye-glass wearers, no fan-twirlers. You might look around in vain for gold watch-chains, for varnished boots, for bright bonnets,

or for robes of silk. This was the People's festival; and they, the People, pure and simple, were here in force. This was one of the three days in the year when Jacques Bonhomme was in his glory, and had the best of it. He might come in a clean blouse, or in a dirty blouse, or in his shirt-sleeves; but he was welcome to the show for nothing. So many hundred thousands of francs were set aside every year to amuse him, and to buy him toys, and to make him forget his rights. He forgot them, for the nonce; but the paternal government who turned showman on Jacques's behalf, found it impossible to make of the whole year one long July, and to have a festival every day. The result of which solution of continuity was, that when it wasn't July, and there were no fireworks, dancing-dogs, and open-air theatres, and work was scarce, and bread dear, Jacques Bonhomme would turn on the paternal government, suddenly remember his rights, and rend his rulers in pieces.

Lily thought it very kind indeed of the good gentlemen, whoever they were, who had provided this sumptuous spectacle, and charged nothing for it. She had a vague idea, from some staring placards she had read on the walls, that the Prefect of the Department of the Seine had something to do with this grand merry-making. He must be a very good man, she thought. Perhaps it was his birthday.

She had eaten and drunk nothing since breakfast; so, calling to mind that she was hungry, she dined frugally on two sous' worth of ginger-bread and an apple. She had even the hardihood to stop one of the men who wore the round towers strapped on their backs, and, accosting him as "Monsieur," asked him for a glass of cocoa.

The particular merchant she chanced to patronise displayed considerable splendour in the fittings of his establishment. His round tower was covered with crimson cotton velvet, hooped with gilt foil paper, and embowered in his flags was a little brazen eagle with outstretched wings.

He frothed up the cocoa so for Lily, that the beading bubbles on the rim sparkled in the evening sun like diamonds, and presented her the goblet with an air.

"Drink," he said, "belle dame. It is the nectar of the gods."

It wasn't anything of the sort. It was merely so much Spanish liquorice boiled down with a little sarsaparilla, but the merchant had such a winning way with him that, had he asseverated that the Nabob of Arcot's diamond was dissolved in his cocoa, he might have found those to believe him.

"How much, monsieur?" asked Lily, when she had drunk.

"To you," the merchant replied, with a bow and a flourish, "one sou. A pint of cocoa and a quart of froth, all for five centimes."

Lily paid him. Straightway he whisked out a napkin which hung from his cestus, gave the goblet an extra polish, frothed it again, and handed it to Lily.

"Drink again, belle dame," he said. "For

this I charge nothing. It is my humble offering to youth and beauty. And I declare that had not my family, through political misfortunes, supped deeply of misery, and were not my old grandmother, *là-bas*, down yonder in *la Sologne* in misery, *sur la paille*, I would have made you pay nothing for the first."

Although the girl's thirst was assuaged, she did not like to offend the hospitable merchant, and so half emptied the goblet he offered her. Then she thanked him and curtseyed, and turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

"I salute you," cried he of the round tower, looking after her retreating figure. "Belle dame, I am at your feet. *Pauvre petite*," he continued, polishing up his cups, "she is too young and too pretty to be wandering in this *tolubohu*, quite alone. But, *bah!* she is safer here than on the Boulevard of the Italiens. The blouses will do her no harm. *A la fraîche!* faites-vous servir! *à la fraîche!*" and he went on his way, jangling his cups and tinkling his bells.

It was nearly eight o'clock, but bright and mellow daylight yet. Lily had been struggling against temptation for a long time, but she could now resist it no longer. She had never seen one before in her life. She must go inside and see one—a show.

No, not the educated seal, the pictured resemblance of the monster on the cartoon outside the booth, where he resided, terrified her. Not the Oriental menagerie either: the roaring she could hear through the canvas, the squeals and yelps as the keeper plied his switch, and the acrid odour, peculiar to wild beast shows, appalled her more than the terrific paintings, much larger than life, of the panther of Java, the gigantic baboon of Sumatra, the hyæna of Abyssinia, the crocodile of the Nile, and the boa constrictor of Seringapatam, by means of which the enterprising proprietor of the Oriental menagerie strove to attract patronage. The grand concourse of the combat of animals, where a wretched old white horse was to be baited by sundry mastiffs, she likewise avoided.

But the wax-work show! the royal and imperial exhibition of wax-work of Signor Ventimillioni (from Milan), she *must* see that. It cost ten sous to see this show, but Lily paid them.

Signor Ventimillioni himself took her half-franc. He was a tall, sallow man, with a coal-black beard, and wore a velvet waistcoat of Scotch plaid, but was otherwise attired as a Roman emperor. He stared very long and very impudently at Lily. What was there about the child, that every one stared at her so?

She drew aside a curtain that veiled the entrance, and entered. She started back with a shriek at the first object she saw. It was a colossal gendarme in a monstrous cocked-hat and jack-boots. His face, fringed with huge peaked moustaches and chin-tuft, was pale as death. His eyes glared horribly with a fixed and stony gaze. In one gauntleted hand he brandished a gleaming sabre. He looked like one of those ominous officers of the Convention Lily had seen in pictures, who came to conduct

Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. He had come at last to take her, she thought, shrinking in her inmost soul. She was to be arrested for running away, and trying to sell her locket!

"You little imbecile," cried a fat cattle-dealer from Poissy, who had followed close on her heels, and giving her, as he spoke, a slight push with his umbrella, "you foolish child, don't you see that ce cuistre a ceinture jaune is only wax-work?"

The cattle-dealer had paid his ten sous before, and often, and knew the ways of men and wax-work shows. He was chuckling at his penetration, when the voice of Signor Ventimillioni was heard in a shrill treble, frantically shrieking:

"Les armes et les parapluies sont déposés à la porte—weapons and umbrellas must be left at the door. Advance, messieurs et mesdames. Advance, I supplicate you."

The cattle-dealer turned back, grumbling, to give up his gingham; but Lily advanced. The show soon made her feel very faint. It smelt oppressively of lukewarm wax, and sawdust, and old clothes. Apart from the good King Henry the Fourth, Monsieur de Voltaire, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Sir Hudson Lowe (who was aptly represented in a yellow cloak lined with leopard's skin, the well-known uniform of general officers in the British army), the collection was mainly composed of eminent murderers. Louvet was there, holding, of course, the identical poniard with which he slew the Duke of Berry. Next him Avril, and Lacenaire, who with a bottle of Chamberlain before him was represented as absorbed in the composition of a sonnet. Fieschi with his arm shattered, and his face all dabbled with blood; the personages in the *Affair Fualdès*, playing boston at a gory card-table; Pontis de Sainte-Hélène in the fetters and red nightcap of a Toulon galley-slave; the *Bergère d'Ivry*—for there were victims here as well as assassins—with her throat cut, and the *Courier of Lyons* with a bullet through his head. Horror!

"Call that *Madame Lafarge*?" the cattle-dealer from Poissy was heard to murmur as he halted before the effigy of a fashionably-dressed lady wearing a white chip bonnet and a black lace veil. "It is an infamy, an imposture! Je te reconnais, coquine. Thou hast not been to the fair of Poissy for nothing. Two years since thou wert Charlotte Corday; last July thou wert the Duchess of Berry previous to her betrayal by the Jew Deubz, and now, affublée d'un nouveau cotillon, and that gimcrack bonnet on thy head, thou must pass, forsooth, for the *Veuve Lafarge*, née Marie Capelle. C'est une supercherie inouïe. I demand my money back. I have a great mind to beat thy waxen head off, fraudulent puppet." It was evident that the confiscation of his umbrella still rankled in the cattle-dealer's mind.

Forth again into the Babel of money-making went Lily. She had had enough of shows for the time. Where was she to pass the night? How shamefully she had loitered her time away! How recklessly she had been squandering her slender stock of money! But she could not

muster up courage enough to flee the enchanted ground. It was a strange and deadly fascination for her, and, like a moth round a candle, she felt she must continue to hover about it: even to her destruction.

She absolutely, before it was quite dark, went to see another show. It is true that this was a humble spectacle, and only cost five sous. The attraction was a solitary one: there was but a wild woman to be seen.

"La femme sauvage—la femme sauvage!—the wild woman!" cried, with stentorian lungs, the orator, in a full suit of armour and a hussar's busby, from the platform in front of the booth. "The wild woman from Madagascar, the largest of the group known as the Inexorable Islands. Her name is Antannariva Zoraïde. The idolatrous practices of her ancestors she has abjured, and is a good Christian, wearing three medals blessed by le Saint Père the Pope, who sent to Rome for her expressly to bestow his patronage and benediction upon her; but she lives entirely on raw meat, and neither threats nor persuasion can induce her to wear stays. The wild woman! Ladies and gentlemen! This is her last appearance in France. Reconciled to her illustrious family, she leaves to-morrow morning for Madagascar by the Messageries Royales of Messrs. Lafitte and Caillard, stopping only at Lisbon in order to be presented to the infants and infantas of the House of Braganza. The wild woman, messieurs les amateurs! Her disposition is amiable, and her tastes are artistic. She can lift a weight of one hundred and fifty kilogrammes with the little finger of her right hand, and suffer a pastille to burn to charcoal on the tip of her tongue. En avant for the wild woman. Admission only five sous, a reduction of eight hundred per cent in consequence of la cherté des denrées—the high price of provisions. Nobody can enter without paying, but paying without entering is permitted by the civil and military authorities."

The crowd, who had been listening to this balderdash with a grin of bewildered complacency, burst into a roar of laughter at the concluding witticism. There was a press of sight-seers at once to the ladder. That prodigal little Lily, after gazing for a while at the violently chromatic portraits of the Wild Woman strangling a Tigress; the Wild Woman riding three wilder horses at once; the Wild Woman in the wilds of her native Madagascar, taking refuge in the branches of a banyan-tree from the pursuit of the hunters; the Wild Woman kissing the Pope's toe; the Wild Woman lifting ponderous weights, firing off pistols, and defeating the celebrated Monsieur Griser in a fencing match—after contemplating these astounding works of art, the desolate little girl wandered into the show, which was now lit by a hoop of flaring oil lamps suspended from the centre pole of the tent, and took her seat with some twenty others on the last of a row of planks placed on trestles.

There was a little proscenium and a rude set-scene supposed to represent Madagascar. On

the prompt side there was a screen, and on the O. P. sat a hump-backed man with a flageolet and a kettle-drum, the which he thumped and blew alternately.

But he tootled on this pipe, and whanged the parchment so long, that the audience grew impatient. It was surely more than time for the show to begin. Murmurs of "La femme sauvage! La femme sauvage!" began to be heard. "En marchez donc: faites voir vos trucs," was the next expression of the popular wish. The orator in full armour pushed his way through the auditory, climbed on to the stage, and disappeared behind the screen. Voices were now heard in angry contention; but still the Wild Woman failed to make her appearance.

There was the voice of a man, seemingly endeavouring to pacify an infuriated woman. The man's voice Lily recognised at once as that of the orator in chivalric panoply whom she had heard haranguing outside. The voice of the woman:—Merciful Heavens! where had she heard those angry tones before? and why did they sound like a death-knell on her ear, and send a cold shiver through her heart?

At this conjuncture a gentleman in a blouse, affected perchance by the heat of the weather, or by inordinate libations of cocoa, and stung to desperation by the prolonged absence of the Wild Woman and the monotonous iteration of the flageolet and kettle-drum, cried out, "Attrape, Mayeux!" and flung a roasted apple at the orchestrant. Hit by the soddened pulp precisely on the nose, the hunchback uttered an unearthly yell, and rushed from the stage, shrieking, "A la garde! à la garde!"

The sound of something breaking—glass seemingly—was next heard, and a black bottle became visible, and rolled to the footlights. The gentleman who had flung the pomme cuite, and who occupied a front row, picked the bottle off the stage, smelt it, and exclaimed:

"Cognac. The Wild Woman must be en ribotte."

But the words had scarcely left his lips before the screen was violently dashed down, and a woman, thinly clad in a tawdry and absurd costume, made her appearance in the enforced company of the orator in armour. I say enforced; for, by one hand she held him by the hair of the head, while with the other she brandished aloft a three-legged stool, with which she was minded, apparently, to brain him.

The audience taking this to be a part of the performance, and, in fact, the prearranged entrée en scène of the Wild Woman, began to applaud vehemently; but the dolorous expostulations of the armour-clad orator soon undeceived them.

"Help, help!" he cried, in piteous accents; "ladies and gentlemen, I shall be murdered! This woman has taken too much cognac. She is mad. She will kill me!"

Suddenly the Wild Woman relaxed her grasp, flung the showman disdainfully on one side, and stood planted in the middle of the stage, her hands on her sides. Lily looked at her. She

was a powerful woman, lithe and shapely, but of what age it was impossible to discover, through the paint and the sham tattoo-marks with which her face and arms were ruddled. For all apparel she wore a suit of fleshings, a blue gauze scarf, sandals, a spangled skirt which failed to reach to her knees, and a preposterous head-dress of Dutch metal and feathers.

But anon Lily became conscious that the Wild Woman was looking at her with a fierce, fixed, hungry gaze. There was something in her eyes that struck infinite horror and terror into her. And just as the Wild Woman made a step in advance, as though towards her, Lily started from her seat in affright, and rushed from the booth.

A TOUCH OF THE GOUT.

WHEN Sydenham, our father of medicine, discoursed of gout, and felt it in his own toe as he wrote, he found one poor comfort in the fact "that gout, unlike any other disease, kills more rich men than poor, more wise than simple. Great kings, emperors, generals, admirals, and philosophers, have all died of gout. Hereby Nature shows her impartiality, since those whom she favours in one way she afflicts in another." It is always the rich uncle or father in the farce, or the king in the burlesque, or the leading statesman in parliament, who limps with a gouty leg; and, until of late years when gout has become rather common among the poor, there has been a sense that gout was, at any rate, a respectable disease to have. Savages never have it. There can be no doubt that it is one of the fruits of civilisation, and a very early fruit. Gout troubled the old gentlemen who sat in the Areopagus, and they had it in all forms. Their physicians called it a foot seizure (podagra) when it seized the foot, a hand seizure (chiragra) when it took its victim by the hand, or gonagra if it pinched the knee, or arthritis if it inflamed several joints. It was first called gout at the end of the thirteenth century, from the Latin for a drop, because it was supposed to be caused by a humour distilled drop by drop into the joints. Seneca counted it among the signs of Roman degeneration in luxury that even the women got their equal share of gout; gout being a disease rare in women, and, when it does occur, occurring in them usually when they are advanced in life. The disease, said a doctor of Galen's time, is one that "none but the gods can truly understand" its coming and going; and that doctor told the case of a gouty man, who, in an interval of his disorder, won a foot-race at the Olympic games. In much later time the appearance of the chalk-stones formed in gouty joints, combined with knowledge of one cause of gout to suggest the theory, that they were deposits of the tartar of wine. It was crusty port venting its crustiness upon its friends.

Suppose that a man who considers himself quite healthy is to have his first attack of gout.

He goes to bed happy, and is awakened after a few hours' sleep, usually between one and four in the morning, with pain in the ball of one great toe, which increases with a sense of burning and throbbing, and he finds next morning that his toe is swollen with a deep red-shining skin. Moreover, it is so exquisitely tender, that during the height of the attack he cannot bear the weight of the bedclothes or the shaking of the bed by footsteps in the room. There are a series of such attacks. Then the swelling abates. In a few days the skin itches and peels off, and there is in the joint only some little remaining tenderness. That is the form of a brisk first attack in a man otherwise healthy. Gout has a partiality for gnawing at a man's great toe. Of five hundred and sixteen cases of gout observed by Sir C. Scudamore, three hundred and fourteen seized on the great toe of one foot only, twenty-seven fastened upon both the great toes, but only two fastened upon the thumb, only fifteen touched in any way the hand or wrist. In not more than five cases in a hundred, in fact, is any joint affected with true gout where the great toe has not been, or is not, also a sufferer, and in those cases there has usually been some local injury to cause the gout to appear first in some other than its natural place. As for the pain, "Screw your joint," said a Frenchman, "in a vice till you can no longer bear the pressure, that is rheumatism; then give the vice another twist, that's gout." Gout having once seized on its chosen outwork, has a tendency to fight its way upward, first storming the ankles, then making an ugly rush upon the knee, then taking possession of the hands and elbows. There used to be a superstition that gout lengthens life, and Cullen endorsed the maxim that the only remedy for it was "patience and flannel." But he would not now be considered a wise man who should resign himself thus to the mercy of an enemy that can deal fatal blows, though it does usually kill when it has made death welcome by depriving life of all its pleasure. A man otherwise healthy who is careful of diet, may, indeed, live beyond his eightieth year after suffering from gout for more than half a century; he may remain free from chalkstones, stiffness, and deformity, and suffer only few and slight attacks in his old age. But with many, the gout remains long enough in a joint to destroy its flexibility, or to deposit chalkstones, which were so called when people supposed them so to be. They are not chalk, and they may contain no particle of lime, but they contain a large proportion of a salt—urate—of soda. Chalkstones are much more commonly absent than present; or they are not very often present as visible disfigurement. In a slight degree they are often to be found, and if they occur anywhere in any degree, they are found usually on the ear, commonly near the thin upper edge, as little pearly spots, or a single spot that may be smaller than a pin's head; they give out, when pricked, a milky fluid; or such a spot may be as large as a split pea, and, when hard, is firmly

fastened to the gristle of the ear. These testify to the altered condition of the blood, the difference being that while it may retain all other natural constituents in just proportion, it has two constituents, always there but properly only in small proportion, combined as urate of soda, and existing in unnatural excess. It is the business of the kidneys to remove all but a very little of the urate of soda formed within the body. When they fail to do that, and it accumulates, its irritation causes gout. Dr. Garrod, whose book on the subject, representing the researches of seventeen years, is the standard professional authority, has contrived an ingenious way of discovering whether a man has gouty blood. He puts into a flat glass dish, about a teaspoonful of the serum or fluid part of the blood to be tested, adds a few drops of acetic acid, and then puts into the mixture one or two fine but rough ultimate fibres from a piece of unwashed huckaback or other linen. After standing undisturbed two or three days—the time varying with the state of the atmosphere—if there be too much uric acid in the blood, it will have crystallised like sugar-candy round the linen fibre, and its crystals will easily be recognised under the microscope. These facts, apparently so simple, represent a marked recent advance in medical knowledge. Apart from the different course of symptoms, the presence of an excess of this acid in the blood, as shown by the thread test, emphatically prevents all possible confusion between gout and rheumatism. Where the serum of freshly-drawn blood will show it, it will be shown also by the fluid that a blister draws, if it be not a blister placed over an inflamed surface.

But if urate of soda in the blood give men the gout, what gives them the urate of soda? Is it all the doing of old crusty port? Certainly not. In the first place, there is a hereditary tendency so strong that Dr. Cullen even thought all gout hereditary. In three cases out of five, or at any rate in more than half the cases, gout may be traced back to parents or grandparents. It is part of many a man's rich inheritance. "A few years since," says Dr. Garrod, "I was consulted by a gentleman labouring under a severe form of gout, with chalkstone, and, although not more than fifty years old, he had suffered from the disease for a long period. On inquiry, I ascertained that for upwards of four centuries the eldest son of the family had invariably been afflicted with gout when he came into possession of the family estate."

And so when a man sets up for himself a gout that he has not inherited, he has something at any rate which he will probably leave to his children. A first attack of gout is seldom seen in a patient younger than twenty or older than sixty-six, the greater number of such attacks occur between the thirtieth and fortieth year; but inherited gout sometimes appears very early. When a man sets up gout for himself, he gets it by use of fermented drinks. Had there been no fermented drinks,

gout probably would never have existed. But different drinks tend in different degrees to produce it, and the latest information on that subject is worth having. It is not the alcohol that does it. Brandy or gin or whisky—any distilled spirit taken by itself—seems to have no power in producing gout. It comes of drinking wines, strong ales, and porter. It is very rare among the whisky-drinking classes of Scotland and Ireland. Dr. Christison, in thirty years' experience at the Edinburgh Infirmary, met with only two cases of gout, and the patients in each case were fat overfed English butlers. Russians, Poles, and Danes, who drink distilled spirit, know hardly anything of gout. The Thames ballast-heavers, of whom each man drinks when at work two or three gallons of porter daily, yield, though a small body of men, many cases of gout to the Seamen's Hospital Ship. As they are most of them Irish, the disease cannot be inherited. The gout is produced by the large doses of porter.

Of fermented drinks, those which are most apt to produce gout are port and sherry, or strong varieties of other wine. Free use of port or sherry may produce gout in a few years when there is no hereditary tendency. The lighter wines, as claret, hock, moselle, and champagne, may excite an attack in gouty subjects, but when taken in moderation, have little influence in producing gout, and—except the finer and stronger qualities—rank, in this respect, with the weaker kinds of beer.

Of malt liquors, stout and porter tend most to produce gout; next to them, strong ale and even the ordinary bitter beer. Dr. Garrod tells of a patient aged only thirty, who was connected with a pale ale brewery, and had suffered four years from gout, which was becoming chronic. It had been established without any help of his forefathers, by the habit of repeatedly drinking pale ale in small quantities at a time, though the total amount in the day was considerable. It is curious that while strong distilled spirit does not produce gout, fermented drinks are liable to do so in proportion to their strength. Acidity is not the cause, nor sugar; for acid claret is comparatively harmless, while sherry and port, the least acid of wines, are the most powerful for mischief; so, too, liquors the least sweet may be the most baneful. In other respects than as gout producers, the distilled spirits are more mischievous than wines; they bring in their train, their own diseases when used in excess: only gout is not one of them.

Indigestion in certain forms, a rich animal diet, and excess of food, tend to the establishment of gout. Severe sedentary study, or mental anxiety, or any nervous depression injuring the digestion, will tend also in other ways to get the unwelcome urate into the blood. Gout, perhaps because of the difference of diet, is less common in hot than in temperate climates, and its attacks are especially common in the spring and autumn: most common in spring: least common during the hot months of summer.

There is a peculiar tendency to gout in painters, plumbers, and workers in lead.

The predisposition being established, every man finds out what will bring on a fit of his gout most quickly. One cannot take a glass of champagne, another cannot take a glass of port, another cannot take a glass of Madeira, without producing it. A patient subject to gout only in a slight degree, felt pinching pains in the toe immediately after drinking a second glass of port wine. Whenever a few glasses of wine, ale, or porter, tend quickly and invariably to inflame a joint, that inflammation is a touch of gout, and nothing else. Given the tendency, whatever produces indigestion, especially if with acidity, may excite the disease. One man got gout if he drank lemonade, another man was lamed by eating citron. Cold, or a wind checking perspiration, will bring on an attack in some patients; one sufferer always had his gout brought on by the east wind. Then as to the depression of mental labour; there is the case of a scholar who brought on a fit of the gout by solving a hard mathematical problem, and it has been known to follow loss of blood by bleeding at the nose or tooth drawing.

GUNNING.

GUNNING is my theme; not the patronymic of those three beautiful sisters who fired the hearts (if the dried-up integuments can be so called) of the court gentlemen in the time of the Regent, but the great art of shooting; on English manor or Scottish moor, from the back of a pony or the bows of a punt, in solitary ramble or grand battue; indulged in by My lord with his party of friends, his keepers, his gillies, and his beaters, by Bill Lubbock the poacher, known to the keepers as an "inweterate" with his never-missing double-barrel and his marvellous lurcher, or by Master Jones home for the holidays from Rugby, who has invested his last tip in a thirty-shilling Birmingham muzzle-loader, with which he "pots" sparrows in the Willesden fields. Gunning, which binds together men of otherwise entirely opposite dispositions and tastes, which gives many a toiler in cities pent such healthful excitement and natural pleasure as enable him to get through the eleven dreary months, hanging on to the anticipation of those thirty happy days when the broad stubble-fields will stretch around him, and the popping of the barrels make music in his ear; gunning, a sport so fascinating, that to enjoy it men in the prime of life, with high-sounding titles and vast riches, will leave their comfortable old ancestral homes, and the pleasant places in which their lines have been cast, and go away to potter for weeks in a miserable little half-roofed shanty, on a steaming barren Highland moor, or will risk life and limb in grim combat with savage animals in deadly jungle or dismal swamp. Gunning, whose devotees are numbered by myriads, the high priest whereof is Colonel Peter Hawker, of glorious memory, who

has left behind him an admirable volume of instruction in the art. Not unto me to attempt to induce me with the seven-league gaiters of that great man; not unto me to attempt to convey hints, "wrinkles," or "dodges" to the regular gunner: mine be it simply to discourse on the inner life of the art, showing what can be done, in what manner, and for how much, and giving certain practical information in simple and concise form to the neophyte.

And first to be mentioned in a treatise, however humble, on gunning, are guns. A muzzle-loading double gun by a first-class London maker costs forty guineas; or, with its cases and all its fittings, fifty guineas. The leading provincial makers, and those of Scotland and Ireland, charge from thirty to forty pounds complete; most of their guns are, however, in reality manufactured in Birmingham, where the price of a double gun varies from twenty pounds to two pounds five shillings, or even less, according to quality. The second class London makers charge from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds, but most of their work is made at Birmingham, and only "finished" in London. The London work is much the best; for, as the wages paid are much higher, London attracts the best workmen from all parts of the country. Another reason, is the greater independence of the workmen in London. In Birmingham especially, between trade agreements on the part of the masters, and trade unions on the part of the men, a man who can work better or more quickly than his fellows is continually hampered, and he generally makes his way to London, where he finds a fairer market for his labour, and fewer restrictions. The situation of Birmingham, near to the coal-producing districts, renders the cost of fuel much less than in London, and all the operations which require a large expenditure of fuel, such as the welding and forging of the barrels, &c., are done at Birmingham, even for best guns, and it is frequently asked, since all the materials, barrels, &c., come from Birmingham, why pay the much higher prices of London makers for the same thing? meaning that as the London makers get their barrels (the chief portion of the gun) from Birmingham, the prices they charge are extortionate. Now, what the London barrel-maker really does get from Birmingham is simply two rough tubes of wrought iron, not fit in their then condition even to serve as gas-pipes. All that makes them of any value as gun-barrels—the boring, filing, putting together for shooting, &c.—has to be done in London, at four times the cost, and generally with ten times the accuracy, of Birmingham work. The fallacy lies in supposing that "the same thing" is obtained in both cases. If what a man buys when he purchases a gun be merely the six pounds of wrought iron and steel in the barrel and locks, and the half a foot of walnut plank in the stock, the value of these materials at twenty pounds a ton for the metal and a shilling a foot for the wood is less than five shillings for the whole, and he may well consider he is overcharged if he pay a

pound for the complete gun. But what he buys is really the time and technical skill of the contriver, the time and skill of the workman, the waste of manufacture (and how enormous this frequently is, may be judged from the fact that ninety pounds of rough metal will be consumed in making a pair of Damascus gun-barrels weighing about six pounds when finished): these are the real things purchased, and whether the buyer pay ten or fifty pounds, he will generally get only the value of his money, and no more. Skill and time can never be brought to the same close competition as the price of raw material, and the tendency of both is to become dearer instead of cheaper every day.

During the last four or five years the use of breech-loading guns has become common in England. The system adopted is called the "Lefauchaux," from the name of its inventor, and it has been general in France for many years. Twenty-five years ago some guns of this pattern were brought from Paris by Mr. Wilkinson of Pall Mall, who endeavoured to introduce their use into England, but without success; and they were finally sold at one-fourth their cost, as curiosities only. The price of breech-loading guns of best quality is five guineas more than muzzle-loaders; they are sold in Birmingham at from eight pounds to thirty pounds. The advantages of a breech-loader to young sportsmen are, principally, that the guns cannot be over-loaded, two charges cannot go into the same barrel, the charge can be taken out in an instant, and though, if the gunner be clumsy he may shoot a friend, he cannot by any possibility shoot himself. This little distinction is highly appreciated, since accidents in loading from the muzzle were by no means unfrequent.

To a moderate-minded man, three or four thousand acres in England would be a good manor, of which four hundred should be covert. Potatoes used to be good covert, now the best is clover left for seed, mangold, swedes and turnips, beans, &c. The usual price is one shilling per acre, but in the neighbourhood of London and large towns the rent is higher, and the value arbitrary. For four thousand acres, to do the thing well, one should have a head-keeper, whose cost will be as follows: a house, a guinea a week for wages, five pounds a year for clothes, twelve pounds a year for ammunition, a certificate three pounds, and a "deputation" from the lord of the manor, without which he cannot, I believe, legally take a gun away from a poacher. He generally has a pony and a spring-cart allowed him, sometimes the keep of a dog. It has been well observed, that "it is not every fellow with a short jacket and half a dozen pockets, that is fitted for a gamekeeper." He must be trustworthy; for, he has in the mowing-time to pay a shilling a nest to the mowers, sometimes to pay for the destruction of vermin, &c., and he can cheat if he like. He should be a good, but not a noted or crack shot; not such a shot as keeps his hand in by practice on his master's game; and he should be thoroughly knowing in

the habits of all manner of vermin, and in the mode of destroying them. He should not be allowed to break dogs for any one save his master, or to rear pets, or in fact to do any extraneous duty. A gamekeeper's situation is a pleasant one when he and his master pull together. There is always enough to do, both in and out of season, to keep a zealous man fully employed. He should be brave, yet not pugnacious; amicable, and on good terms with the neighbouring farmers, yet not sufficiently so ever to wink at poaching, however mild—and the natural instinct for poaching, even amongst farmers of the better class, is something marvellous—and civil and attentive to his master's guests. N.B.—It is usual to give a keeper five shillings for the day, if shooting at a friend's manor, and then he cleans your gun; at a grand battue, a guinea is frequently given, but for a day's partridge-shooting five shillings is ample. This, be it remembered, is expected. Your head-keeper will want a man under him, with wages of twelve shillings a week, and a house, and at certain seasons watchers or night-men. These are generally paid by the night. The beaters employed at battues are very frequently old men or boys on the estate who are fit for nothing else; they get from one shilling to half-a-crown for their day's job.

For such a manor as I have pictured, two brace of pointers, or setters, and one retriever, would be enough, and a good close-working spaniel, or a brace or leash according to fancy. A brace of well-broken second season setters should be purchasable at from twenty-five to thirty pounds. Spaniels at five pounds each; a good retriever would be cheap at twenty guineas, ten pounds being a very common price. If possible, by all means breed your own dogs, or get them bred by your friends; a purchased pointer is a pig in a poke; purchased, I mean, through the medium of an advertisement or from a regular dealer. Some animals so bought have never even had powder burnt over them, cover at the shot, and fly away home immediately afterwards; others have a kind of "crammed" instruction: that is to say, they will be very good when kept in constant practice, but if left at home for a few days will forget all they have learnt, and come into the field wild and ignorant. Pointers are more useful than setters for partridge-shooting, easier to train, less liable to take cold, more easily steadied, and more tenacious of instruction. On the other hand, setters are superior for grouse-shooting, being harder footed. Spaniels are the most useful of all dogs: there are two classes, the "mute," which are the best for all practical purposes: and those which fling their tongues, begin their noise as soon as they are put into cover, put all game on the alert, and send every jack hare and old cock pheasant out of the other end. A spaniel should stop when he rouses a rabbit or hare, should never range more than thirty yards from the gun, should drop when the gun goes off, and should then lie until signalled on. He should go through any

furze or brambles, like a rat, should be short on his legs, long in his body, have a long head, go to water, and retrieve alive; he should work with his tail down, and the set of the tail should be down also. His ears should be bell-shaped, small at the top and large at the bottom. The best breed is the "Clumber" spaniel, which is always mute, always lemon and white in colour, but not generally fond of the water. The next best breed is the Sussex, liver and white; the darker the liver, the better; the best marked have a white blaze down the face, white muzzle, liver nose, lips flecked with liver, and flecked legs, belly and hips white, and white collar and chest. The most fashionable spaniels are mute black and white, or black and fanned, legs feet and toes well feathered before and behind, and the feet round as a cheese-plate. As to retrievers, when you hear people speak of a genuine retriever, do not place much credit in their assertions, as there is no regular breed, and the best retrievers are generally mongrels, half poodle, half spaniel, and sometimes with a cross of Newfoundland. A well-taught retriever combines the qualities of pointer, setter, spaniel, and water-dog, with his own peculiar instinct of fetching a dead bird out of any brake, and carrying him with jaws of iron and teeth of wool. I need not say that such a dog is invaluable.

If you go in for pheasant-breeding, you go in for expense at once. The artificial food for three hundred pheasants, *until they shoot their tails*, would cost fifteen or twenty pounds. By artificial food, I mean eggs, rice, greaves, chopped onions, lettuce, &c. I should say that every pheasant shot on any manor costs twelve shillings, for they *must* be reared by hand. The good friend with whom I have had many a pleasant day in the woods, calculates the cost of his birds at a pound each; but he does everything in an unnecessarily princely fashion, and has a staff of keepers and beaters inferior to none in number or cost.

Grouse-shooting in England can be pursued in Yorkshire, Northumberland, and Westmoreland, in some parts of Wales, in Kerry, Limerick, Wicklow, and Tipperary in Ireland, and in the Scotch Highlands. Within the last few years grouse-shooting has become such a fashionable amusement that the prices of moors have risen enormously, and have at length attained a fabulous height. Twenty years ago, the highest price for a moor of from twenty to forty thousand acres, fit for four guns, was four hundred pounds; you would be lucky now, to get it for double the money. This is owing to the manufacturing gentry, who are tremendously keen grouseers, and have a general leaning towards gunning, and can afford to pay magnificently. Here it may be well to call attention to the advertisements of moors to be let for the season, the owner of which stipulates that the tenant shall be "limited to a thousand brace"! He must not shoot more, for fear of thinning the stock on the moor. Caveat emptor. The intending answerer of such advertisement may safely pledge himself to abide by this stipulation, and if he and his friends bag three hundred brace, they may think themselves

highly favoured. Setters and pointers (Russian and Spanish preferred by some) are the best dogs to shoot grouse to; the time, between the 12th of August and the 20th of September, though some talk of October and even the early days of November, but you will get better grousing between the dates I have mentioned; a large bored gun, and, if with a muzzle-loader, No. 3 shot. Colonel Hawker says: "Grouse take a harder blow than partridges."

Also in the sporting journals, under the heading "To Let," will you find the entry, "Splendid deer forests." A deer forest is so named on the celebrated *lucus à non lucendo* principle, it does not contain a single tree, but is simply a Highland tract of land from which sheep have been kept off—as sheep and deer will never feed together. The most celebrated are the deer forests of Lord Lovat, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Athol, and, above all, of the Marquis of Breadalbane; for a good deer forest, a thousand a year is a low price, and every deer shot, costs, on an average, from sixty to eighty pounds. Let no man, unpossessed of great bodily strength, with lasting power and patience, undertake deer-stalking. To walk for miles to the shooting-ground, to crawl on all fours or on the stomach for several hundred yards through brake and brushwood, and then to take steady aim at a distance of over a hundred yards at about the least, requires men in high training and of natural bodily strength. But your amateur, however good, is never equal to your gillie, whose eye is more acute than the best Dollond or reconnoitrer; whose arm is as steady as a rock, after any amount of exertion; and who goes up any number of the stiffest braes without turning a hair, or apparently without an extra pulsation. A knowing shot, your gillie, and one who never neglects an opportunity. They tell a story of a noble lord who, last year, was out on his moor with his favourite gillie, when he spied a noble stag about four hundred yards off. The nobleman put his rifle to his shoulder, covered the object, then lowered his piece. "Donald," said he. "Me lard!" said Donald. "That's a fine shot." "Et wad be a faine shot for the mon as wad het it," was the Highlander's sententious reply. "Take the rifle, Donald, sight it carefully, and give it me back—if I knock over that fellow, the rifle shall be yours." The gillie took the rifle and sighted it, and gave it to his master, who fired and killed his stag. According to his promise, he gave the rifle to the gillie. Since then he has never been taken nearer than four hundred yards to any deer on his estate!

Never let any ribald "chaff," any denunciation of Cockney sport, prevent you from enjoying a good day's rabbit-shooting whenever you have the opportunity. With a couple of mute spaniels and a sharp terrier you may have an excellent morning's sport, but you must remember that it is very quick shooting, and you must keep your gun on the cock, and be ready to pull the instant you see the rabbit run, if you would have a chance of hitting him. Be wary, for rabbits are wonderfully "up to trap;" pre-

tend not to be looking after them, and you will throw them off their guard; but if you advance in a business-like manner, gun in hand, depend upon it that a flash of white tails is all you will see of your game—of the older ones, at least; the younger are less knowing, and more easily potted.

For any hints about wild-fowl shooting, go to Colonel Hawker, and consult no other. He is a little rococo and old fashioned; but, in the main, he is as right now as he was when he wrote, and his advice is sound, practical, and sensible. Take it all with that "grain of salt" which the old Latin proverb prescribes; for though there lived strong men before Agamemnon, there are not many men strong enough to undergo all the hardships which Colonel Peter Hawker lightly touches upon in his hints on wild-fowl shooting.

It is unusual to take a dog with you when invited to a day's shooting. But in partridge-shooting, when you receive the invitation, it is common to ask the question, "How are you off for dogs?" and to take them, if wanted. To take your dogs over, without having ascertained the wish of your host, will cause you to be regarded as rather a cool hand. Perhaps, after all, spaniels are the most serviceable animals; setters and pointers are not much used in England, as there is little "laying" for birds under the new system of farming, and now turnips are drilled, birds rise before the dogs.

Finally, do not imagine that you can leave the London season, the jolly nights in the Club smoke-room, the heavy dinners with ingoted East Indian uncles, the twenty-one dances winding up with a never-ending cotillon, indulged in night after night; and then go down to Norfolk, or wherever may be the manor to which you are invited, and shoot. The thing is impossible; you must be, to a certain extent, in training; at all events, your wind must be decent, your muscles braced, and your hand and eye steady. A long waltz may be good for your wind, but it will shake your arm; and a pipe of Cavendish or a couple of extra cigars will spoil your sport for the day. So do not be down-hearted at first if you fire wild, or if the squire and his country friends grin a bit as the birds fly away unharmed: wait; let your faith be "large in Time," as Mr. Tennyson has it; and very soon you will feel your hand getting in, and you will find that, as sweet Will, who has something on everything, says, "Your shooting then is well accounted."

THE LAST OF THE TOLL-GATE.

"SHALL I go round the crescent, sir, and save the gate?"

It was thus that the unfeeling driver of a Hansom cab addressed me, through the trap in the roof of his vehicle, on the night of the 29th of June last.

"No, no," I said, in tones of virtuous indignation. "Don't let us cheat a dying institution: go through, and let me pay my last twopence."

I am willing to confess that I had often been

a consenting party to that détour round the crescent. Not that I ever saved anything by it, for the driver always looked for the twopence in addition to his fare, and always had it, taking it in the light of a reward of merit; but such is the rooted aversion of a free and independent Briton, glorying in Magna Charta and popular representation, to anything in the shape of a tax for the support of those institutions in which he takes so much pride, that he will bestow his money upon the vilest of mankind rather than pay it into the hands of a paternal government, or any of its myrmidons. But on this occasion, the free and independent Briton was swayed by other feelings peculiar to his great nature. He was not going to hit an institution when it was down. So he went through the gate, and paid his twopence like a man.

The toll-keeper seemed to be also conscious of the touching and pitiful nature of the occasion. For the first time since I, the independent Briton, had, to my cost, known him, he spoke civilly, and, in giving me change out of sixpence, actually said, "Thank you, sir." Not to be outdone in this respect, I said, "You're very welcome, I'm sure, for it is the last twopence I shall pay you."

"Oh no, sir, I hope not," he replied. "There's all day to-morrow for you; we don't shut up for good, till twelve o'clock at night."

He seemed to say, "Don't despair; there is yet time and opportunity left to do a virtuous action." It was very kind of him. I was inclined to believe that to oblige me he would have been willing to continue the gate for a few days longer. I did not, however, desire that he should so far put himself out of the way on my account. I merely expressed my intention of paying a visit to the gate on the following day, delicately hinting at hospitality on my part. I was rejoiced to find that he would have no objection; that, in fact, he would be very happy to see me.

This was one of those happy hits which men make at random on the spur of the moment, and which are worth the best and most elaborate efforts of thought and deliberation. If the truth must be told, I had always regarded that toll-gate keeper with awe, nay, with some feeling of dread. Like many other persons in authority, he seemed to be encased in an armour of unapproachableness, hedged round by a divinity that repelled all familiar advances. With a strong disposition towards statistics and useful knowledge, I had for some time desired to make his acquaintance, and to learn from his own lips something of the philosophy and experience of toll-gate keeping. I was curious to know whether the theory of a certain celebrated person with regard to the misanthropical nature of the pursuit was correct; or whether it was merely a malicious libel on the part of one who had been a victim to tolls. I was desirous to know if the keeper of a toll-gate regarded all mankind with the same aversion as all mankind regarded him; and perhaps I was curious to

peep into the interior of that mysterious little round-house, and see a toll-keeper in the privacy of what might literally be called his domestic circle. I had long desired to fathom these things; but had never, with every elaboration of design, made the great advance towards them which I now achieved. Until this happy moment, when a mutual sentiment brought us together on a friendly footing, I had signally failed in my endeavours to approach the keeper of that toll-gate. I had often strolled down to the gate with the intention of engaging him in conversation, but my courage invariably failed me. I was afraid that he might think me impertinent. Again and again I walked round the little house, in the hope that my timidity might miss its footing and land me quite by accident in the confidence of the solemn functionary of whom all I knew was that his name was John Brown. In vain. I never succeeded in getting in his way, in running against him, in artfully contriving that he should run against me, or in any other way bringing myself under his notice. It would have been absurd to ask him the right time, for there was a big-faced clock in the front of the gate proclaiming the hour to all the passing world. I thought at one time, in the pride of my knowledge of human nature, of approaching Mr. Brown with a friendship's offering of a pot of beer extended in my hand; but I was warned against this course by the possibility (albeit I considered it a very bare one) of his being a teetotaler. I thought at another time, having observed that Mr. Brown was addicted to the weed, of smoothing my way with a bundle of cigars: but was deterred by a fear lest my motives might be misunderstood, and lest Mr. Brown should suspect me to be a spy of the Trust. I may say that I beat about Mr. Brown very much, learning many things from the perusal of the table of tolls concerning the charges for horses and asses, drawing and not drawing, and for waggons, vans, and carriages, the fellows of whose wheels were of certain dimensions, &c., but of Mr. Brown himself, nothing.

When I walked down to the gate the following afternoon, I became sensible that a great sensation was prevailing in the neighbourhood. A great sensation had been prevailing in that neighbourhood for some considerable time; but now it was spreading out far and wide, like a rising flood, swamping the whole district in a deluge of excitement. There was a manifest tendency of the walking population "down the road," and a marked disposition on the part of the shop-keepers, to gather in knots on the pavement, as if they expected fireworks or a comet. There was much discussion, too, which became more and more earnest as the gate was approached. I have reason to know that as a politician the High-street is thoroughly radical; that it has a great idea of free trade, reduced expenditure, and abolition of taxes; that it is great, occasionally, at the Wilkes and Liberty Hall in Lower Platform-street, on the rights of man, and the wrongs inflicted on society by a grasping hierarchy and a bloated aris-

toeracy; that it is ready at any moment to vote for Blater, and the right of meeting in the Parks, and that it hates all placemen, holders of sinecures, and the privileged classes generally. Yet, I found it to be the unanimous opinion of the High-street, more particularly towards its lower end, that the demolition of the toll-gate would be highly prejudicial to its interests, that it was a most unwarrantable and unconstitutional proceeding, and that it was directly inimical to the rights of man keeping shop in that vicinity. There was a decided disposition to connect the abolition of toll-gates in general, and of that toll-gate in particular, with the baleful influence of a grasping hierarchy and a bloated aristocracy; and I am sure that the connexion would have been logically and conclusively established if the High-street had only seen how to do it. At one corner, the High-street, being interested in beer and the choicest spirits at dock prices, including old vatted rum, was quite clear that in a mysterious manner, not capable of lucid explanation, but indubitable nevertheless, the removal of the toll-gate would have much the same effect on beer and spirits as an advance in the price of hops, or an increase in the excise duty. A little higher up, the High-street, being interested in tobacco, as regards one window, and invisible perukes as regards the other, gloomily resigned itself to the conviction that when the gate was removed society at large would give up smoking, and cease to be bald. Next door but one, the High-street, being professionally engaged in making up gentlemen's own material, had also made up its mind that the gate and the habits of civilisation would disappear together, and that mankind would, with the stroke of twelve that night, incontinently return to nudity and blue paint. At a particular corner, on the pavement, the High-street being concerned in trotters, saw in the destruction of the gate a fatal blow to pork, tending to the ultimate extinction of that useful though not ornamental animal, the pig; at the same time opening up a broad and clear road leading to the workhouse. In fact, the High-street, though thoroughly radical when other persons are concerned, was, on this occasion, when the party concerned was the High-street itself, eminently conservative.

On the other hand, the drivers and conductors of cabs and omnibuses, whose interests lay in a different direction, and whose views had no doubt been enlarged by a daily survey of mankind from 'Igate to the Habbey, contemplated the dissolution of the gate with undisguised satisfaction, while the juvenile population, at all times strongly iconoclastic, was preparing to celebrate the occasion in a becoming manner, and to seize the earliest moment, when the protection of the law should be withdrawn, to break the toll-gate's windows.

Through this terrible war of mental elements I made my way to the doomed gate, and, accosting Mr. Brown, hoped I saw him well, or at least as well as could be expected under the

melancholy circumstances. How often it happens in life that the man whom, when you did not know him, you regarded as haughty and unapproachable, proves, when you do come to know him, to be the most affable fellow imaginable! I had not been two minutes in Mr. Brown's company, before I perceived that in walking round him and beating about him I had entirely mistaken Mr. Brown's nature and wasted my own time. I might have approached him with a peace-offering of a pot of beer, and been received with joy; I might have paved the way with a bundle of cigars, and found it the direct road to his affections. I imagined him to be a great frozen block of reserve, but I knew now that I might have melted him throughout with three-penn'orth warm. I conceived him to be a pillar of darkness; I discovered that I might have lighted him up with a pickwick.

Would Mr. Brown take anything? Mr. Brown's ready apprehension of the significance of this masonic form of interrogatory made me almost painfully sensible of the absurdity of having suspected him of teetotalism. Mr. Brown would take *anything*, but, for choice, old ale. The way in which one of Mr. Brown's boys, on receiving a shilling, annihilated time and space and disappeared through a double swing door leading to the region of old vatted rum, was suggestive of lightning. Did Mr. Brown smoke? Mr. Brown, casting his eye towards the tall red chimney that erected itself from the flat roof of the toll-gate like an inflamed mark of admiration, said that he *could*: evidently implying that, as regards smoking, a flue with a short draught was a fool to him. For choice, Mr. Brown took returns—and I had hesitated to approach him with regalias!

Was Mr. Brown sorry that the gate was about to be done away with? This timidly and gingerly, lest Mr. Brown might resent any interference with his private affairs. But Mr. Brown had no reserve. He put himself at once on the footing of a sworn witness on a highway committee.

"Sorry! Lor' bless you, sir, I shall be jolly glad when twelve o'clock comes, and it's all over. You wouldn't believe the life the 'busmen and the cabbies have been a leading me for a week past; ah, for a month a'most. To-day it has been dreadful. And you may be as good at chaff as you like, but you can't have an answer ready for every one. Me and my boys have been making up things to say all the morning, and we've given it to a few of them pretty hot, though, of course, some of them had the best of us. There's a surly old fellow as generally goes round the crescent and evades the gate when he can, but the other day he was obliged to come through.

"Ah!" he says, 'there will be no gates after Friday.'

"Oh yes there will," I says; 'they're going to leave one on your account.'

"Which gate is that?" he says.

"Why, Newgate!" I says.

"You should have seen how he whipped into his horse and made off double quick. Then, there's a saucy cheeky sort of a chap as drives a Hansom says to me:

"'Hullo, John!' he says, 'what are you going to do when the gate's down? Start a baked tatur can, or go into the catch-'em-alive-oh line?'

"'No, neither,' I says, 'but I don't mind telling you what I intend to be up to. I'm going to do something to get put into the house of correction, and when I come out with a ticket-of-leave I'll be fully qualified to drive a cab.'"

While Mr. Brown was thus discoursing in the most communicative manner, he was constantly under the necessity of breaking off short to run and take the tolls; or, if it were not a vehicle of sufficient importance for his own notice, to shout to his two boys to take the tolls for him. And the two boys were always scurrying out into the roads and scurrying back again to drop coppers into the capacious pockets of Mr. Brown's white apron.

"There's some folks think, sir, that toll-keeping is an easy idle kind of life. They only see me for a minute as they go by, and that's all they know about it. If they was to stand here fourteen hours a day, as I do, they'd know different. You're never at rest a minute; there's always something a-going through. It's no use to sit down; you can't sit for two minutes together; and getting up and down like that is very trying to the legs. I know what toll-keeping is, sir. I've been in it all my life. I was born in a toll-gate down at Pangbourne—it wasn't like this, you know, it had rooms and all kinds of convenience—and that, perhaps, *was* easy; but here in London it's almost as bad as the treadmill; that is, I should say it was, sir; of course I don't know for certain. It's not what it was, toll-keeping. Everything's red-deeced so, now-a-days. We're obliged to make a reduction for taking a quantity. Why, there's forty 'busses goes through this gate, each, on a average, fourteen times every day, and we take the lot for ten pound a week. It would be more than ten times that, if we were to make them pay every time. But if we had done that, there wouldn't have been half the 'busses on this road. When a company thinks of starting, they come to us and say, 'What will you take us for?' And we say, so much; and if it's what they can afford, they come on the road, and if it's more than they can afford, they don't. But we're always liberal, sir. We let the cabs pass free when they're empty; that ain't a right, sir; it's a privilege which we allow them. And what's the return they make for that privilege? Why, when they've got a fare they go round the crescent, and then when they're empty they come back through the gate. That's what a cabman calls gratitude. I've known them flash little bits of newspaper cut up to look like tickets, to the boys when they've been larking and not taking much notice. I've been done that way myself, once or twice; I've caught a few out, though.

I remember my old master, Mr. Levy, the contractor, bowling a cab-driver out in fine style. The man, after driving him more than a hundred yards on the Trust, took him sharp up the side of the crescent, and so evaded the toll. When he set Mr. Levy down at his house, and he'd paid him his right fare, he says, 'Ain't you going to give me the twopence for evading the gate?' 'No,' Mr. Levy says, 'I won't do that, but as I'm the contractor for the tolls, I'll give you a summons as early as I can to-morrow morning.' And he did too; but he was a good sort, and wouldn't have taken no notice if the man hadn't been cheeky. I used to collect the post-duty under Mr. Levy; that was in the old coaching times, before railways. My station was down near King's-cross, and I used to take the tickets as the post-chaises went by, some of them bound for Gretna-green; for, somehow or other, sir, lovers were fond of running away to be married when it was a hard job to do it; but now, when there's railways and it's easy, they don't seem to care about it. Human nature, I suppose, sir? But taking post-duty was better than toll-keeping. I used to get a penny on every ticket, and I've often earned as much as eight pound a week. But the post-duty was done away with, and now the tolls is to be done away with. This gate has had a good many shoves at one time or another. It was up at St. Giles's once; but they shoved it on gradually to here, and now it's to be shoved right out into the country somewhere. No; I don't think I shall go with it; but I ain't afraid. I've always found that when one gate shuts, another opens. A gent said to me to-day, 'Why, Mr. Brown,' he says, 'with your figure and your aprons, you would be a credit to Doctors' Commons.' I'll drop into something. I dare say. I've been taking stock of the traffic on this road for the railway bill, and perhaps I'll get a job to take tickets for Puffing Billy. The 'busses and the cabs are all rejoicing because the tolls is to be done away with; but I tell them it will be all the worse for them in the end. Puffing Billy will come and knock them all off the road. No; I don't pay a rent for the toll. The contractor trusts to me to do the best I can for him."

After an interval for refreshment and the quiet digestion of all this toll lore, I revisited the gate at about eleven o'clock. The excitement was intense now. The little house was surrounded by a crowd of two or three hundred persons, male and female, the youthful portion showing a strong disposition to dance. Many of Mr. Brown's personal friends had arrived and were inside the toll-house, drinking Mr. Brown's health. Beer was coming over from the public-house—in pots at first, in cans presently, eventually, as the hour of doom approached, in pails. Presenting myself at the door of the house, I was refused admission, but, on being recognised by Mr. Brown, was admitted—to the great envy of the unprivileged classes outside, who seemed to regard me somewhat in the light of one who had the entrée at court. Inside, Mr. Brown's friends were drinking out of the

pots, out of the cans, out of the pails. Beer, beer everywhere, not only to drink but to stand in, sit in, swim in, if any one had been so inclined. Beer, too, was going on outside. The hilarity was becoming fast and furious. Mr. Brown was delighted. He put himself in the position of a host giving an *al fresco* nocturnal fête. He was glad to see everybody; anxious to make everybody happy. Music was suggested. Mr. Brown procured a boy with a tin whistle. The tin whistle being voted weak and inadequate to the occasion, Mr. Brown sent to some neighbouring *dépôt* of music and secured the services of a band, consisting of a cornet-à-piston, a trombone, and a drum. Beer having been administered to the band, it was hoisted up on to the roof of the gate, from which elevated position it played many favourite selections, while the mob below danced a sort of Carmagnole round the toll-house. A stranger coming up at that moment would have found it difficult to say, in view of the buckets of beer which still continued to be carried across, whether the occasion were a fire; or, in view of the wild revolutionary dance, whether the toll-house were a sort of Bastille, and the people were taking it by assault! Every vehicle that arrived was immediately surrounded by the mob, who seemed to derive some sort of savage satisfaction from seeing the last tolls paid. Wild shouts hailed the surrender of every twopence, as if (taking the revolutionary view of the matter) the coins were the heads of tyrants falling under the stroke of the guillotine. Heavily laden omnibuses dashed through the crowd in triumph, the drivers flourishing their whips, the occupants of the knife-board standing up and waving hats and handkerchiefs, while the conductors, with that politeness which distinguishes them, took sights at Mr. Brown, and shouted "Ya-ah!" at him as if he had been a wild beast having his teeth filed and his claws cut.

Time advances. Beer is hoisted up to the band in a bucket, and in a moment of impatient waiting for music, when all eyes are directed to the elevated orchestra, the trombone is seen upon all fours drinking like a horse. Inside the house Mr. Brown's friends, too numerous for the limited accommodation, are beginning to drop and drag themselves among the beer, suggesting bluebottles on a sloppy public-house counter. Considering that before the close of the proceedings beer actually found its way through the roof, it was a mercy some of them were not drowned.

"A quarter to twelve. Hurrah! Ten minutes to twelve. Hurrah!" A cab comes up with an unprotected female in it. The cab is immediately surrounded by the mob, and the unprotected female turns pale and shrieks. She is assured that it is not her life that is wanted, but only her twopence. A hundred hands are held out for the money, and though it is taken by strangers, it is immediately handed over to Mr. Brown. "Five minutes to twelve! Only five minutes more, Brown; suppose we burn the gate, and finish up with a bonfire!" Mr.

Brown is so good humoured, and so thoroughly enjoying his "breaking-up," that I really believe he would have made no objection to this proposition if it could have been carried into execution without immolating his friends. I doubt, however, if the toll-house in its then saturated state would have burned readily.

"One minute to twelve. Hurrah! hurrah!! hurrah!!!" A tremendous shout this time; the band, with a dim apprehension of the nature of the occasion, fatuously playing the Death of Nelson. A cab appears with another unprotected female, who, amid frantic acclamations, pays the last toll. "Twelve!" The protection and countenance of the law being withdrawn from the toll-house, crash goes a shower of Macadam through its windows. Happily Mr. Brown's friends are all prostrate, and the consequences are not tragic. Another shout, to which Mr. Brown responds by taking off and waving his white apron. And all is over.

Passing along a day or two after, I found nothing to mark the spot where the gate had stood but a little blue patch of Macadam, under which one might have supposed the toll-house to be buried. I hear, however, that the gate is not dead yet; that it has had another shove; and that, while being dragged bodily up the Euston-road by two horses, for whose strength and spirits it was a great deal too much, it was given into custody by a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

AN AMAZONIAN NATURALIST.

THIS does not mean the fly catching of one of those hybrid beings, neither man nor woman, whom it is the custom to call Amazons, but the adventures of Mr. Walter Henry Bates on the borders of the river Amazon, where he lived for nine years, hunting for all manner of creatures, "with a view towards solving the problem of the origin of the species" as his final and philosophic aim; but with, what is more to our purpose, the practical result of a very charming book, full of pleasant details relating to the "eight thousand species new to science," which he introduced to the European world among the fourteen thousand seven hundred and twelve that made the sum of his discoveries.

It was a pleasant life that he led, if at times a dreary, rambling through the virgin forests where the long lines of trailing parasites swung to and fro, as heavy-bodied toucans and pretty little marmoset monkeys sprang nimbly from bough to bough, where the hot moist air came upon his face like the air of an English stove-house, and where the days were loud, and the nights tumultuous, with the roar of animal life peopling the human solitude; and many were the strange and beautiful things he saw. And first what struck him was, that in South America everything climbs. The trees climb, and so become parasites, when elsewhere they are independent and self-supporting; and not only one special kind of tree, but all kinds, even

to a certain palm (surely the last to be thought capable of parasite flexibility?) which we call the Desmoneus, but the natives the Jacitára, and which is a great nuisance in the forests, because of the strong recurved spines at the tips of the leaves, that catch off the hats and tear the clothes of the unfortunate traveller not mindful of his steps. The monkeys climb; there are no groundlings as in the baboons and orang-outangs of the Old World, but all are aboreal, with long tails to help them at a pinch, flexible at the tips and sometimes naked and sensitive like a fifth hand; the gallinaceous birds, answering to our cocks and hens and partridges and pheasants, climb more than they fly, and perch only on the highest parts of the trees; a creature allied to the bear family, a genus of "Plantigrade Carnivora," has a swinging length of flexible tail like the monkeys, and climbs as well as any of them; and the very ground beetles of other countries have here changed their natures, and live exclusively "up a tree" like the rest.

In fact, the law seems to be that everything shall climb, whatever its nature or habit; and that everything shall try to overcome everything else. Parasites sit as tufts on the crowns of the high forest trees, circling the boughs with radiant necklaces, or looping stem and stem together—some in single strength, others interlaced as chains, others again twined as cables, and some indented and jagged; air-roots, striving for nourishment, drop straight as plumb-lines from the boughs, some bearing gracious flowers and others lovely leaves, and all the haunts of humming-birds, and beautiful moths, and shining flies, and gem-like beetles. Sometimes the parasite is mean and poor and disfigures the tree where it hangs, and sometimes it is rich in scarlet and white and purple and yellow; and sometimes—as with the Sipó Mator, or Murderer Liana—it kills its support and foster-mother. This Murderer Liana is one of the strangest of all. It springs up close to the tree where it intends to fix itself, and its stem grows by running over the trunk of its supporter like a plastic mould of bark. Then it puts forth, on each side, an arm-like branch which looks like a great vein, or as if a "stream of sap were flowing, and hardening as it went," and which flows on till each meets the other, and the two veins become one. "These arms are put forth at somewhat regular intervals in mounting upwards, and the victim, when its strangler is full grown, becomes tightly clasped by a number of inflexible rings. These rings gradually grow larger as the murderer flourishes, rearing its crown of foliage to the sky mingled with that of its neighbour, and in course of time they kill it by stopping the flow of its sap. The strange spectacle then remains of the selfish parasite clasping in its arms the lifeless and decaying body of its victim which had been a help to its own growth. Its ends have been served—it has flowered and fruited, reproduced and disseminated its kind; and now when the dead trunk moulders away, its own end ap-

proaches; its support is gone, and itself also falls."

Amongst the most curious of the many curious facts which Mr. Bates has recorded, is that of the bird-catching spider, *Mygale avicularia*, so long held to be only a figment of Madame Merian's own brain, and to have been attested by M. Palisot de Beauvais, rather from complaisance than from truth; but the existence of which is now established without doubt, Mr. Bates having seen with his own eyes what he has related. He saw a large hairy spider, nearly two inches in length of body but with legs expanding to the length of seven inches, and both body and legs covered with coarse grey and reddish hairs;—he saw this monster crouched on the body of a finch about the size of an English siskin, which, smeared with a filthy liquor, but not quite dead, still palpitated beneath the fangs of the horrid brute. Another finch lay on the bole dead; and the dense white web stretched across a crevice in the tree, but broken now and the birds entangled in the pieces, told the whole story of the capture. The mygales are called crab-spiders by the natives, and if touched shed their hairs, causing a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. They are sometimes of immense size, and Mr. Bates saw one of them with a cord round its waist, led about the house by some Indian children, as if it were a dog. Many of the spiders of the country are of exquisite colours, and some, which double themselves up at the base of leaf-stalks, deceive their prey by thus looking like flower-buds. One, a species of *Acrosoma*, has two curved bronze-coloured spines, an inch and a half in length, proceeding from the tip of its abdomen: it spins a large web, its spines, so far as can be seen, neither hindering nor helping in the work. As for the webs, some are like silk, and some like fine muslin; and some of the dens are broad slanting galleries two feet long, burrowed in the ground, others are nests built in the trees, or hammocks slung across the angles of a room, or hung up on the tiles and thatch of the house-tops.

Then there are the ants; specially the Saüba ant; that big-headed creature which thatches its entrance-domes with leaves, thereby causing most unsightly devastation to the best of the cultivated trees. For the cunning little thief will not touch a rough and ready forest tree of its own country (sometimes, indeed, it will condescend to a very young and tender native), but, in general, attacks only the imported and cultivated trees, as the coffee and orange trees. It was wrong, though, to call the whole family of the Saüba ant big-headed; it is only the warriors which have those enormously swollen and massive heads—highly polished, like a bit of Egyptian granite or obsidian, in the Worker-major, but opaque and hairy in the subterranean worker; while the real worker, the Worker-minor, who carries the leaves, and feeds the young, and cleans the cells, and in fact does all the useful domestic economy of the nation, is an ordinary ant like any other, varying

in size among themselves, but never hydrocephalic like the two before spoken of. Very extensive are the underground ramifications of this Saüba ant. An enterprising French gardener tried to clear them out of the Botanic Gardens at Pará by blowing sulphur into their galleries; and Mr. Bates says he saw the smoke issue at an outlet seventy yards distant from the place where the bellows were used. The Saüba ant not only clips the leaves off the trees in the free forest, but also acts burglar on its own account, and comes into the house, where it will carry off, grain by grain, any amount of the farinha, or mandioca meal, which makes the bread of the locality. One night, Mr. Bates was awakened by his servant calling out to him that the rats were at his farinha baskets. He got up and listened; but the noise was not that of rats; and when he went into the store-room, he found truly almost a more formidable enemy; for there he confronted a broad column of Saüba ants, each laden with a grain, passing between the door and his precious farinha baskets, the whole contents of which (about two bushels) they would have carried off in that one night had they not been disturbed. Conquered they were not, though killed by thousands; for ever a fresh phalanx walked in to supply their dead comrades' places, and it was only after repeated blowings up by gunpowder—repeated so often that at last the hard heads learnt the lesson and got afraid—that Mr. Bates and his farinha baskets were left in peace. We do not hear how the natives protect themselves against the Saüba ant, but to smear with copaüba balsam everything which they would have to traverse—as cords by which food-baskets are suspended, the legs of chairs and footstools, hammock-ropes, &c.—is the only means of warding off the attacks of another ant pest, the fire-ant, or formiga de fogo, which is the scourge of the Tapajós river—one of the branch rivers of the Amazons.

Another kind is the Eciton, of which let the pedestrian beware; for, should he disregard the twittering and restless flitting hither and thither of small flocks of certain plain-coloured birds (ant-thrushes), in a very few steps he will come to grief, and fall into the midst of the ant-army. They will "swarm up his legs with inconceivable rapidity, each one driving its pincer-like jaws into his skin, and, with the purchase thus obtained, doubling in its tail and stinging with all its might." His only chance then is to run for it—as the natives have done, shouting "Taucá!" and scampering to the other end of the column—and when safe there he must pick off his ants one by one, more often than not leaving their heads and jaws sticking in his flesh. When the Ecitons are out, the animal and insect worlds are in commotion and dismay. Spiders, caterpillars, maggots, larvæ of all kinds, fall an easy prey to the devouring multitudes: a wasps' nest is rifled with supreme indifference to the stings of the owners, and the larvæ and pupæ apportioned fairly, according to the relative size of the spoil and the spoiler—the large bits to the

large Ecitons, and the small bits to the small; and then away they march back to their own home through the entangled thickets, where no one can follow them.

Once, at Villa Nova, Mr. Bates thought he had come upon a migratory horde of this ant; but it was only a foraging party after all, returning home with their spoil—the grubs of another species. It was a dense column of from sixty to seventy yards long, and yet neither van nor rear was visible; all were moving in the same direction save a few isolated individuals on the outside of the column running rearward for a short distance, then wheeling about and trotting on with the main body. These rearward movements were going on everywhere, and seemed to be a way of communicating a common understanding to the army; for the retrograding ants stopped often, to touch some onward-moving comrade with their antennæ, by which they doubtless gave him the password or the signal, or told him the way he was to go. The large-headed fellows of the tribe are singularly conspicuous in these columns. They are as one to about a score of the smaller class; "none of them carried anything in their mouths, but all trotted along empty-handed and outside the column, at pretty regular intervals from each other, like subaltern officers in a marching regiment of soldiers. It was easy to be tolerably exact in this observation, for their shining white heads made them very conspicuous amongst the rest, bobbing up and down as the column passed over the inequalities of the road." They went along quite quietly, not noticing their companions; and when the column was wantonly disturbed they did not show fight or prance forth as eagerly as the others did. What is their specific use to their community, Mr. Bates cannot quite determine. He throws out a suggestion that it may be that of causing indigestion to the ant-thrushes which follow the marching columns and are the most deadly enemies the Ecitons have.

There are many other kinds of these ants; there is the small red Eciton which looks like a deep red liquid flowing over the surface of all it attacks; and there is the blind Eciton, with the link connecting—the Eciton crassicornis which is only half blind, with small eyes sunk in deep sockets—a stout-limbed kind, and not in the smallest degree tamed or mollified by its misfortune. But they are all full of interest in their ways and works; and not the least so when they have laid aside their evil natures and frolic on the sunny ground like so many lambs, or kittens, or pretty little bull-headed puppies; leaping and dancing, and actually washing each other, with lessons in shampooing superadded, wonderful to behold. Even the ant then understands the old adage of all work and no play, and is resolved that the Eciton Jack shall not be a dull boy for want of an occasional holiday.

Full of interest, too, are the monkeys, those poor relations of ours sitting below the salt, as other ragamuffins have done before

them, to the no great delight of the grantees under the dais. First we will speak of that prettiest little creature of all, the Midas; prettiest always, whether it is the Midas rosalia, the silky tamarine, or the Midas leoninus, the lion tamarine—one of the gentlest, most interesting, and most loving little creatures that ever set you wondering whether it was a monkey or a squirrel, or haply some bewitched negro baby, against which some cruel negro fairy had a spite. The little silver tamarine, *Midas argentatus*, is the most beautiful, as it is the rarest, of the species, and is kept as a choice treasure and most beloved pet when by chance found and taken alive: which is not often, for the creature is by no means common, though sometimes to be seen gambolling like a little snow-white kitten among the branches of the forest trees. It is very small, only seven inches in length when full grown, and is covered with long white silky hairs, with a naked face flesh coloured, and a blackish tail. It is playful, timid, sensitive, and affectionate; can be tamed by love, and for the love of one or two, but never becomes so tame as to be familiar with strangers; in fact, it is just like a timid little child, who knows and loves its nurses, but who shrinks back shyly from even the kindest friend. There are many kinds of Midas, and they are all beautiful, and all gentle, and all playful; differing amongst each other only by the colour of their coats and the size of their bodies, and whether naturalists have called them "lions," or "bears," or "silky," or "silvery." Very different are the ugly rusty-brown *Couxios*, with their queer hair caps, that look as if they had been just combed and brushed; and the Howlers of all hues, "making night hideous" with their dreadful cries; and the odd, but not wholly unpleasant, scarlet-faced monkeys, dressed in long white coats, with faces of vivid scarlet, and grave and silent as so many judges. But the *Parauacá*, the bear-like speckled grey *Pithecia hirsuta*, is too affectionate and intelligent not to be a pet with all who can keep it alive; and the owl-faced night-ape, the *Nyctipithecus*, clothed in soft grey or brown fur, like rabbit-skin, and with a face like an owl or a tiger-cat, surrounded by a ruff of whitish fur, is also a pet of the first order. It is a funny-looking little creature, very shy at the first, but to be tamed by kindness, when it becomes a source of great amusement—as, indeed, are all the smaller monkeys to those who like them. One, which Mr. Bates kept, used to hide itself in a wide-mouthed glass jar when a stranger entered; but then he did not attempt the system of mere love and liberty adopted by the Brazilians, who make pets of even jaguars, which they suffer to run like puppies free among their children, and who tame their wild monkeys by letting them always sleep in their bosoms, or sit on their heads or shoulders. The little stripe-faced *Nyctipithecus* which Mr. Bates kept as his vermin catcher in ordinary (this species soon clears a room of cockroaches and spiders, and even of bats), used to bark like a small dog at night—

they are night creatures, as their name implies—scampering about the room after the spiders and cockroaches, which it ate with great gusto. It came finally to grief and dissolution through the jealousy of a Caiarara monkey; not a pleasant pet by any means, being restless, jealous, discontented, and noisy, who, quarrelling with poor little owl-face over a fruit that had been given the latter, settled the business by cracking the little one's skull with his teeth—owl-face defending himself only by "clawing out and hissing like a cat," being a meek-minded being, not given to fisticuffs.

But the monkeys must not take up all our time; there are the birds to look at—from the beautiful little humming-bird poised before a flower, or hiding away under the broad leaves of the ferns and forest flowers while it dips itself in a shallow brook and takes its bath in all security of joy, to the strange Umbrella-bird (*Cephalopterus ornatus*), wearing a third wing on its head, which it can raise and expand at pleasure, throwing it out like a fringed sunshade. *Cephalopterus*, or wing-head, has a so a neck ornament in the shape of a thick pad of glossy steel-blue feathers, which grows on a long fleshy lobe or excrescence. These two peculiarities are fully developed only in the male, being simply rudimentary in the female. The Indians call it the fire-bird, because of its loud piping note, which Mr. Bates heard; for, after watching an individual in absolute stillness for some time, "it drew itself up on its perch, dilated and waved its glossy breast lappet, and then, in giving vent to its loud piping note, bowed its head slowly forwards." The Crax globicera—a curassow-bird, bearing a round red ball on its beak—is also a strange-looking creature; so is the curl-crested toucan, with his sly magpie-like pate, covered, not by feathers like an ordinary honest bird, but by "thin horny plates of a lustrous black colour, curled up at the ends and resembling shavings of steel or ebony wood, the curly crest being arranged on the crown in the form of a wig." These curl-crested toucans have a note resembling the croaking of a frog; and, according to an anecdote related by our author, it would seem that a scream from one wounded or in distress will bring troops of its fellows to its aid. He had wounded one, and in attempting to seize it, it set up a loud scream. "In an instant, as if by magic, the shady nook seemed alive with these birds, although there was certainly none visible when I entered the thicket. They descended towards me, hopping from bough to bough, some of them swinging on the loops and cables of woody lianas, and all croaking and fluttering their wings like so many furies." When he killed the wounded bird, and its screaming therefore ceased, they all went back to silence and invisibility, disappearing as suddenly as they had appeared. The great clumsy bill of the toucan, which has caused so much discussion, and given rise to so many false theories and still falser facts, is now seen to be a natural adaptation of growth to circumstance. For the toucan, being a fruit-eater, a slow flier,

and a heavy-bodied creature, cannot feed on the wing, and therefore has some trouble to get at the fruits which grow chiefly on the fragile crowns, and at the end of slender twigs and branches of the forest trees; wherefore it perches its fat, dull, heavy person on a stout branch capable of bearing its weight, and then lunges its huge bill forward, and snaps off the bunch it has determined for its dinner. All animals and insects which feed on fruit and flowers must have means to get at these things; so, we find that monkeys use their hands and their tails; humming-birds can hold themselves poised while feeding, as no other bird can; the beautiful trogons, which have feeble wings, sit quietly on the low branches eyeing long the fruits they desire, then dart off, as if with an effort, every time they want a mouthful, and so back to their perch again; and the bill of the toucan, like the neck and lips of the giraffe, stretches itself out in marvellous accord between need and means.

A curious habit among the smaller birds is that of hunting in flocks. Days may pass without a bird being met with in the forests, when suddenly scores and hundreds are fallen upon, including all kinds—woodpeckers, and ant-thrushes, humming-birds, flycatchers, barbets, tanagers, and others, congregated together, but each occupied for and by itself, though all moving in concert, and acted on by an unity of will. Every leaf and twig and square inch of bark is examined; the barbets visiting all the clayey nests of termites on the trees in the line of march; and then, in a few moments, the business has been transacted, the insects have been eaten, and the little fellows twitter and flutter onward, leaving the forest path as silent and deserted as it was a moment ago. The Indians, with all their accurate observations, not seeing that these hunting parties are for the purpose of food, say that the flocks are led by a little grey bird called the Papá-uirá, which fascinates the rest, and leads them a weary dance through the thickets; wherefore they think that if they can but get hold of the skin and feathers of Papá-uirá they will never want for lovers. The hunters receive a high price from the girls for the skins; but Mr. Bates could never learn what the bird was like; and, after the man whom he employed to bring him a Papá-uirá, and who was a noted woodsman, had brought him three different species, he gave up the story and the bird as mere idle humbug.

Impish hordes of vampire bats make a low, dull, fanning sound in the forest as they wave their leathery wings to and fro; but the vampire is a harmless beast, and leaves human creatures alone; it is the little grey blood-sucking *Phyllostoma*, or leaf-nosed bat, that drains the sleeper's life-blood out at the end of his great toe. Numbers of bats of various kinds are to be found in the daytime clinging to the under-side of palm-leaves, or to the dark trunks of trees, or crouched in the shadow of any broad leaf likely to shield them from observation; but in general they go off to the forest at night to feed, coming back to the village at daylight to sleep,

being more secure from their natural enemies there than when in the woods. So numerous are they, that the place where they gather—especially in a room or under cover—is quite blackened by them; they will put out any number of lights, and almost smother the sleeper in his hammock by crawling over him, if they do not bleed him to death.

A short article like this cannot attempt to detail half the pleasant things to be found in two volumes where every page is as rich as a fairy tale in beauty and novelty. Wherefore, all that Mr. Bates has to tell of tortoises and turtles, alligators and snakes, butterflies and flowers, plants and Indians, and manner of life, and climate, and geography, and a hundred other things beside, must be left to the diligence of the reader, to whom this present short abstract will doubtless serve simply as a whet to the fuller satisfaction of curiosity. One thing for which Mr. Bates will not be thanked by certain persons, is the humiliating discovery which his book forces on us, that all our manuals and encyclopædias of natural history are quite wrong and defective, and that a new issue ought to be at once undertaken to include his eight thousand new species, and all the information he has to give concerning his old ones.

AN UNFORTUNATE PRINCESS.

ON a certain March evening in the year of Our Lord 1751, Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George the Second and father of George the Third, died at his house in Leicester-fields, in the arms of Desnoyers, a French dancing-master who had been called in to soothe the last tremendous moments of the royal spendthrift with the twang of his favourite violin. On the 13th of the June following, his widow gave birth to a baby princess, known to history as Caroline Matilda, the beautiful, imprudent, and unfortunate Queen of Denmark, about whose guilt or innocence there has been almost as much controversy as about that of Mary Stuart, and with as little likelihood of ever coming to a distinct and certain conclusion. The Princess of Wales was a stern-mannered, though in reality a loving and careful mother; still, so stern that once, when the little Duke of Gloucester was sitting deep in melancholy thought, and she asked him sharply what he was thinking of, he was able to answer, "I was thinking that if ever I have a son I will not make him as unhappy as you make me."

Caroline Matilda, it is to be supposed, bore her share with the rest; but we hear nothing of her life until the fatal year arrived when, at the age of fifteen, she found herself first the betrothed, and then the wife, of a fair-haired, undersized, gay-tempered, handsome, dissolute young scamp of seventeen, Christian the Seventh, King of Denmark. "Diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the fairy tales," with, adds Walpole, in another place, "the sublime strut of his grandfather (or a cock sparrow)."

The young queen was in her fresh girlhood;

fair almost to a marvel, with light flaxen hair, shining like silver and of luxuriant growth, large, clear, bright, blue eyes, full red lips—the under one rich and pouting—small teeth white and even, and of a temper as bright and sweet as her face: lovely and fascinating enough surely to have made her lover for life the young profligate who kissed her publicly at Roeskilde when they met—perhaps moved for the moment by the sight of her girlish beauty—but who soon taught her what was the real worthlessness of his kisses, and of what infinite power of subdivision the instinct which it pleased his royal majesty to call love, was capable. For the marriage feast was scarcely cold, when Christian found “Milady,” or “Katherine of the Pretty Feet”—about whose life the less said the better—a companion more congenial to his taste than the young English princess, whose soul was as pure as her face was fair. And not only “Milady,” but all the roués and demireps to be met with in Copenhagen, to the scandal of decent people and the destruction of public morals.

Caroline Matilda found her Danish crown more thickly set with thorns than roses. Young as she was, and so sadly needing careful guidance, she had not a friend in her new home to direct or uphold her. Juliana Maria, the king's stepmother, had always been his declared enemy (even, so Christian believed, to his attempted destruction), because of her own son Frederick, who would come to the throne could the crown prince, as he was then, be destroyed; so that she was the poor young queen's enemy too, ex officio if not by personal dislike, and laid snares and digged pitfalls whenever and wherever she could; the old grandmother, Sophia Magdalena, was kind enough, but even she cared more for power than for the right, and had spent her life in trying to keep her personal influence paramount in Danish politics; and the Princess Charlotte Amelia, the king's aunt—who seems to have been about the best of the set—lived only for religious practices and charities, keeping as far out of the reach of her royal nephew as she could, having been his favourite butt and the object of his rudest practical jokes time out of mind.

The final cause of her withdrawal from the palace was “a fright she received through the king's first page crawling into the dining-room on all fours, disguised as a savage.”

So Caroline Matilda was absolutely unfriended, save by the Grand Mistress of her household, Fran von Piessens; and she, though a virtuous woman and so far desirable in a court where even common propriety was at a discount, was a harsh-tempered domineering old-maidish kind of person, who made bad, worse, by injudicious advice, and by never being able to understand that sometimes it is better to drive with a slack rein and a silken lash than with tight ropes and a leather thong. Influenced by this clever lady, Caroline Matilda put on an air of forbidding coldness to her husband (perhaps it was not much trouble to do that), with the idea, so common among women, and so mistaken, that the best way to secure a husband's vagrant

affections is to deny or conceal their own. In this case, however, it was not so much concealment as confession, for the young queen had no great fondness for her royal spouse; as, indeed, how could she have? Unless neglect, debauchery, and open infidelity were qualities calculated to win the love and esteem of a girl-wife virtuously educated. Nevertheless, she nursed him assiduously when he had the scarlet fever; and when he recovered, he went back to his street-rows, his mistresses, his low pot-house riots, his assaults on the watch, and all the other disgraceful doings which made him the disgust and the talk of Europe.

The royal favourite in chief at this time was Count Conrad von Hølek, lately appointed Court Marshal, but acting as a kind of private M.C. to the monarch, arranging all the court balls and fêtes: also helping him in pleasures less innocent. He it was who accompanied Christian to and from Milady's house, “during which street riots were but too frequent;” who shared in all his vices, and who organised many a nocturnal orgie during the brilliant luncheons which he was in the habit of giving at Blanggaard, a kind of castellated pleasure-house, just outside the north gate. And even when the queen gave birth to a son—the future Frederick the Sixth—and all Denmark went mad with joy; always excepting the queen-dowager, Juliana Maria, whose son was thus doubly barred; even then, Christian and his favourite continued their excesses, and made the whole town ring with the echo of their misdeeds. Christian was seen one day in broad daylight returning from “Milady's” in a state of intoxication, the people pursuing him with hootings and insults to his own palace-gates; in a word, the private and public annals of king, court, and favourite, were of the worst kind. At last, however, the ministers arrested Katherine of the Pretty Feet, and put her in prison, after her royal lover had bought her an hotel and created her a baroness.

And now Christian and his court set out on their travels; taking with them, as surgeon and physician in ordinary, John Frederick Struensee, hitherto physician of Altona, and of the lordship of Pinneberg. And first the King of Denmark came here to visit the King of England. But “Farmer George” was not especially eager to favour his brother-in-law; so little eager, indeed, that when Christian came to Dover, he found no royal carriages waiting for him, and had to come to town in hackney-carriages. Even when he got to town, “by another mistake,” says Walpole, “King George happened to go to Richmond about an hour before King Christian arrived in London. An hour is exceedingly long, and the distance to Richmond still longer; so with all the despatch which could possibly be made, King George did not get to his capital till next day at noon. Then, as the road from his closet in St. James's to the King of Denmark's apartments on the other side of the palace is about thirty miles (which posterity, having no conception of the prodigious extent and magnificence of St. James's, will never believe), it was half an hour after three before his

Danish majesty's cousin could go and return to let him know that his good brother and ally was leaving the palace (in which they both were) to receive him at the queen's palace, which you know is about a million of snails' paces from St. James's. Notwithstanding these difficulties and unavoidable delays, Woden, Thor, Frigga, and all the gods that watch over the kings of the north, did bring these two invincible monarchs to each other's embraces, about half an hour after four on the same evening."

Christian's life in London was bad enough; but it was even worse in Paris, and the queen was carefully informed of all that would most pain and disquiet her, it being the policy of that nest of intriguers, of which Juliana Maria was the chief, to keep the young couple as far sundered in both life and love as was possible. It was not to be wondered at if she was cold and disdainful and full of wrath and bitterness, when her scampish husband came home after his seven months' tour, and if she resented Count Hølek's familiarities and impertinences, and even added the new physician, Struensee, to her black list, as one of the tribe of her enemies. She soon learnt a different lesson, poor girl! Well for her if she had never done so.

But indeed Struensee's policy was at the first quite puzzling enough to mislead her. He wished to reconcile king and queen, he said, and yet he enticed Frau von Gabel into a web of circumstances, compromising in appearance and fatal in the end. This Frau von Gabel was a high-minded noble-hearted woman, almost a republican in her political creed and therefore unable to live at court, but, whether royalist or republican, patriot before all. The king had made certain advances to her in times gone by, which it is scarcely necessary to say were repulsed; but now Struensee took up the dropped loops, and, assuring Frau von Gabel that the king was in every way reformed, and that he did really need her ennobling influence to keep him in the right way, urged her to admit his visits again—she, the Egeria to his Numa. Frau von Gabel consented; but soon found that all this talk of Christian's great improvement was mere moonshine; he was as bad as ever, and a little more mad; and the character of Egeria was soon sought to be brought down to a lower level and to baser purposes. When she found this out, and deception was no longer possible, the poor lady died of grief; and the strange intrigue about which no satisfactory theory as to why it was, and to what use, came to an end. She died, hating Struensee: whom the queen hated too, for his share in the plot.

At that time, then, there was no love between the doctor and the queen; but soon after this, the crown prince—her little baby—had the small-pox, and old enmities were forgotten in the new conditions of help and trust this set up between them. Ever after this illness Caroline Matilda admitted Struensee into her intimate friendship; and so began the drama which ended in a cruel and a bloody tragedy. She was imprudent to an almost insane extent; she drove out alone

with the handsome young doctor, walked with him alone, rode with him alone; at the court balls she danced chiefly with him, and suffered him to address her in a tone of temper and command, to say the least of it, astounding. These follies, and more to the back of them, got the young queen much ill will, and caused many a biting comparison to be instituted between her and Mary Stuart, with Struensee for Rizzio. Together with her character, whether rightfully or wrongfully, the queen began to lose something of her sweet English modesty, and to play unwomanly pranks in public quite as damaging as vices. She hunted daily, bestriding her horse in man fashion, and dressed as a man in "a dove coloured beaver hat with a deep gold band and tassels, a long scarlet coat faced with gold all round, a buff gold laced waistcoat, frilled shirt, man's neckerchief, and buckskin small-clothes and spurs. She looked splendidly when mounted and dashing through the woods, but when she dismounted the charm was to a great degree dispelled, for she appeared shorter than she really was; the shape of her knees betrayed her sex, and her belt seemed to cut her in two." At other times, when dressed like a woman, she was one of the most beautiful women of her time.

Struensee's political power was as great as his personal influence. The whole power of the state seemed to be vested in him: the queen being his tool, the king his victim, and the country his mere footstool whereby he might mount to supreme honour. All Europe began to talk. Then the talk got so loud that the Princess of Wales, Caroline Matilda's mother, made a long and toilsome journey northward, which, whatever the political motives assigned, seemed to have for its motive simply to see her daughter, and to remonstrate with her on her folly. Not that she herself came into court with clean hands; for the position of Lord Bute in her royal household had long been a favourite subject for scandal and satire. The meeting took place after some delay, and the mother's resolute removal of certain obstacles thrown in the way by Caroline Matilda; but no good was done. The king and queen came attended only by Struensee and Warnstedt, the favourite page, who were seated in the carriage with them; and when the Princess of Wales spoke to her daughter in English, she pretended not to understand her—she had forgotten the language! In fact, she showed herself as wayward and unmanageable as a naughty child who cannot be reasoned with and who will not be controlled. Letters and envoys from both mother and brother (George III.) were received in the same manner; and thus the last drags sought to be put upon the downward course were knocked aside, and the royal lady's reputation went on towards destruction.

What was it which, at about this time, made her write with a diamond on the window-pane at Frederiksborg, "Oh keep me innocent, make others great"? Conscience? Sorrow for past, or fear of future, sins? Or was it simply dissimulation, and the endeavour to deceive eyes whose

sharpness of vision was, she well knew, spying out her weak places and gauging her misdoings? For we cannot for a moment accept Sir Lascelles Wraxall's theory, and account her innocent in her relations with Struensee; every incident related and every induction to be drawn, point but to one thing; and whatever the political basis, whatever the greater worth of the Dano-Germanic alliance against that of the Russian, and the zeal of the physician-minister for his own ideas and his own views of statecraft, the question between the man and woman remains the same for both and all concerned. Unhappily for the half-mad, half-bad king, who, when Struensee dismissed honest old Bernstorff, had not a friend left. Given up to Struensee and the queen, he was now simply a puppet and a prisoner, with two black children—a boy and a girl—for his only companions, and Enevold Brandt, whom he hated, for his valet, chamberlain, pedagogue, and master—Enevold Brandt, whom Holck had exiled and Struensee restored. In truth, Christian's condition was pitiable enough. Grant that he was mad, still the manner of life to which his wife and the minister doomed him was infamous. No one paid him the smallest respect, and once an impudent page even drove him into a corner, saying, "Mad Rex, make me a groom of the chamber." He was compelled to make personal appointments of men specially distasteful to him; and on one occasion, in revenge for having been made to sign an appointment as chamberlain for a man he hated, he made one of his stove-heaters a chamberlain; again, another time, he gave out that his dog Gourmand was a "Conference Councillor," and proposed his health, which the rest were obliged to acknowledge as *de rigueur*. This was to express his disgust at certain fault-finding and scolding which he had to submit to in council, showing that, as barking was the rule of the day there, Gourmand could bark as well as any of them, and so was quite as efficient a conference councillor. His chief amusement was smashing china and beheading the garden statues: in which odd play Moranti, his black boy, assisted him. For a change, he would roll on the ground with the boy, biting and scratching him, or would fling papers, furniture, books, glass, ornaments, anything he could find, over the balcony down into the court-yard: once wishing to fling the boy and dog Gourmand after the rest. In public he was treated with contempt by his keeper, Brandt, who in private bit and beat him—he said by the king's own desire; and, indeed, the whole treatment of this unhappy wretch, during the reign of Struensee, was as damaging to the queen's repute as it was disgraceful and degrading.

The queen, influenced by Struensee, who, however, was loyally well intentioned in this, brought up her son on the wildest principles of "hardening"—a kill or cure system indeed for a delicate child. His food was of the simplest and poorest kind, and what we should call innutri-

tious, and always cold; he had a cold bath twice or thrice a day; he was kept in a cold room without a fire, dressed lightly in thin silk, and went about barefoot, although he was a delicate baby of not quite three years old. His playmate and companion was a little fellow of his own age, called "little Karl," the natural son of a surgeon, who was allowed to fight with him and master him if he could, no one being suffered to assist or prevent. The queen was so severe with him, that when the attendants wanted to frighten him into good behaviour, they used to threaten to take him to his mother, which generally succeeded. Struensee's coadjutor, the physician Berger, got a few of the more extreme rules relaxed; and, owing to his representations, this royal baby was allowed to wear shoes and stockings, to be rather more warmly clad, to have his rice boiled in broth instead of water, to have meat soup for dinner twice a week, and to have his room slightly warmed in the morning.

And now popular feeling began to take a very decided tone, and the ministry knew that the evil hour which has to come to all misdoers, was drawing near. The queen and the favourite dared not show themselves in public; the guards were doubled at the palace, and various unusual precautions were taken; the most abominable satires and caricatures were printed and circulated, or stuck or scrawled on the walls; half in jest and half in earnest; the queen and the ministers would speculate on their future lives, and what they should do when the crash came and they were forced to fly—they foresaw nothing worse; and all this while the indignation of the people and the anger of the European courts became louder and deeper, and of more ominous intensity and fierceness. Anonymous letters were sent to Brandt, advising him to put himself out of danger by ranging himself on the king's side, and against the minister; and he and Struensee had misunderstandings, even to the extent of the former proposing a kind of coup d'état to Falckenskjold, one of the government, beginning and ending in the arrest of Struensee, and the transfer of the queen to himself; and then the great plot was arranged, headed by Juliana Maria and Prince Frederick her son, the king's half-brother.

The favourite's treatment of this young man had been most impolitic. Insulted, neglected, irritated, his rank and near relationship with the king ignored or remembered only to fix a deeper sting, no wonder that he put himself at the head of a party determined to rid the country of a group of adventurers who had lost their heads when they had gained the top round of the ladder, and whose so-called reforms were neither popular nor understood, besides being nullified by the poison of the scandals attached to them. When a forged document was shown to Juliana Maria (at least, Sir Lascelles Wraxall says it was forged), wherein it was set forth how that the king was to be forced to abdicate, and how that the queen was to be declared regent with Struensee as pro-

* Life and Times of Her Majesty Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway. By Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall, Bart.

tector—meaning, as it was argued to her, that the king and crown prince were to be murdered, Struensee married to the queen, and his children by her set on the throne—she felt that no time was to be lost, and that either she and hers must fall, or they. Means were not wanting, nor agents, nor adherents; they never are wanting when a tumult is contemplated, and good pickings are to be had out of a ruined palace; and the right time came with the rest. After a certain masked ball, where the queen had been most remarkably gay and most strikingly beautiful, and where, by the strange falling to pieces of a certain supper, all things were marvellously facilitated, the plot came to its culmination. The ex-queen, her son, and some others (Guldberg, Rantzen, Eickstedt, Köller, and the ex-valet Jessen), entered the king's bedroom at dead of night, where they first nearly frightened him to death, and then got him to sign orders for the arrest of Struensee, Brandt, Falckenskjold, the queen, and others of minor moment. One by one those named were arrested and secured; and so was broken up in a few moments the coalition which had changed the whole face of Danish politics and the whole current of Danish society, for two years.

Struensee, never a brave man, though so daring in political action, first fainted, then took to swearing horribly, and then gave way to abject despair. Brandt was philosophical, and even gay. Falckenskjold was calm and critical. But the poor young queen was impassioned and terrified, full of wrath and fear and desperation and anguish: now struggling with the soldiers whom Rantzen had with him to secure her; now trying to hurl herself from the open window, shrieking wildly for Struensee and the king; finally borne away to the fortress of Kronborg, ruined and disgraced for ever. Young, lovely, with a good and noble nature that had been at first outraged and afterwards misguided, we cannot but pity her. Truly she had sinned in her degree; but she had been sinned against more grievously, and her wrong-doing had been retaliation rather than aggression. For, as was said before, we cannot accept Sir Lascelles Wraxall's theory of her innocence, though her failings may be tenderly excused for the sake of the evils she had undergone.

The end soon came. Struensee, pressed and threatened, confessed to his liaison with the queen, circumstantially detailed; and when the queen was shown his confession, and told that if she denied it he would be tortured, she signed it in attestation of its truth, and so signed away her good fame for ever. He was executed, with certain barbarous circumstances disgraceful to the time and people: having first seen his colleague Brandt decapitated and disembowelled before his face; Falckenskjold was sentenced to be confined on the rock of Munkholm for life. Caroline Matilda was removed from Kronborg to the castle of Aalborg, where she was kept a prisoner until released at the instance of

England. Thence, she went to Celle, or Zell, the old residence of the former Dukes of Lüneburg, where she lived happily enough, much beloved by all who knew her, and cheered by the frequent presence of her sister, the Princess of Brunswick. Her only grief was the loss of her children, especially of the little girl—whose legitimacy, by-the-by, came under grave suspicion; but the king had formally acknowledged her at her birth. Here she saw Mr. Wraxall, the grandfather of her present apologist, then a young man, "just her own age," and who seems to have been greatly struck by her beauty, and interested in her fortunes. He describes her as very beautiful, though too fat; like her brother George the Third in feature, but harmonised and softened; charitable, gay, sweet-tempered, and discreet—all that the wronged princess should be.

Mr. Wraxall entered into the plot for her release, which had as its object, the arrest of Juliana Maria and Prince Frederick, and the king's published order for her return to Copenhagen. It is impossible to guess what new historic complications might have arisen had she not, in the midst of this under-current, died on the 11th of May, 1775, wanting less than three months of her twenty-fourth year. Of course people said she died of poison, that wide and convenient vagueness; but in truth it was of scarlet fever, taking a typhoid character, and easy to be accounted for. One of her young pages had just died of this disease, and she, very foolishly, went into the room where the coffin was, and looked at the dead body. The sight haunted her, and the disease found her out, carrying her off in a very few days. When dying, she wrote to George the Third, solemnly protesting her innocence of all with which she had been charged; and also to M. Roques, the pastor of the French Protestant church at Zell, she said the same: "I was never faithless to my husband." So, at least, it is reported. Whether Sir Lascelles Wraxall's chivalrous theory respecting the unhappy princess be correct or not, the memoir has high merits, not only as an historical, but as a literary production. Some of the details of court life are extremely curious.

NEW WORK BY MR. DICKENS.
In Monthly Parts, uniform with the Original Editions of
"Pickwick," "Copperfield," &c.
Now publishing, PART IV., price 1s. of
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.
IN TWENTY MONTHLY PARTS.
With Illustrations by MARCUS STONE.
London: CHAPMAN and HALL, 195, Piccadilly.

On the 15th of August will be published, bound in green cloth, price 5s. 6d.,

THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

Handsomely bound in red, price 3l.,
THE FIRST TEN VOLUMES,
WITH GENERAL INDEX.
Covers for binding may be had, green, price 1s. each;
red, price 1s. 6d. each.

The Right of Translating Articles from ALL THE YEAR ROUND is reserved by the Authors.